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## LUNATIC IN CHAINS: A TERRIBLE STORY FROM RUSSIA.

Public accommodation for lunatics is very limited in Russia, and the care of these unhappy people mostly devolves on their relations, who are obliged in self-protection to chain up dangerous cases. At the present time there are in Russia 400 lunatics in chains. A correspondent of the *Volyny*, of Staro Konstantinoff, relates that, in the town, in a cellar, there lives a Jewish family named Alper, consisting of a father, mother, and their insane twenty-year-old son Krassavitz. One day the man was brought home in a dreadfully torn condition, as though some animal had torn live flesh from him with its claws. He threw himself about, and emitted fearful inhuman cries. Soon his affliction was recognised as dangerous to his fellows. He was refused admission to the Vinnitz Asylum, and the parents in despair consented to chain him, which they did, attaching his bond to the iron grating of the only window to the cellar. "I asked," says the correspondent, "that the shutters should be opened, when the human being in chains stood before me quite naked. The frightfully emaciated figure retained signs of a fine constitution; from under the dark eyebrows a pair of inflamed eyes looked imploringly upon me, and he said: 'For the love of God give orders to set me free, to break the chains! I choke—give me, oh! give me—your umbrella—something!' I hastened to turn away from this vision, and the shutters once more closed with a clash."

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# THE LAST FEW DAYS.

## NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### REAL WAR AT MANŒUVRES.

An extraordinary accident occurred last week at some German military manœuvres, when a regiment of cavalry charged into another, causing grave injuries to many officers and men. It will be remembered that a somewhat similar, although far less serious, mistake occurred a few months

*Photo, Bassano.*

"Out of Work": Lord Curzon, one of the most brilliant members of the Conservative Party, who has resigned the Viceroyalty of India owing to a disagreement with the Government.

ago at Aldershot, where a cavalry regiment rode down a detachment of the Guards.

Such incidents, although rare in England, are comparatively frequent in the German manœuvres.

Last year's "Kaiser manœuvres" at Lubeck, personally directed by the Emperor, had a long casualty list. A private was shot dead, and another blinded; a hussar was killed by a lance thrust, and fifty men were injured in a cavalry charge; a gunner lost both his legs; a corporal was killed by the explosion of a balloon; a major was thrown from his horse and killed, and a dragoon and his horse were lost in a bog.

In the present instance the general gave an order to a regiment of Bavarian dragoons to perform some operation against two regiments of Hessian dragoons, which were formed up in line half a mile away. Owing to some confusion the Balaclava blunder was repeated. The instruction was misinterpreted as an order to charge the Hessians.

The Bavarians charged madly across the plain, cheering, and waving their swords and lances. Expecting that the charging regiment would swerve when within striking distance, the Hessians stood their ground, behaving as interested, but quite unconcerned spectators.

To their horror, the Bavarians did not change front. They crashed at full speed into the Hessian line. Horses and men were thrown into confusion. Many on both sides were hurled to the ground. The commanders were unhorsed and trampled under foot.

Every officer of the brigadier's staff was swept off his horse, and some of them were seriously injured. In the excitement many of the Hessians drew their swords to defend themselves, and some nasty wounds were inflicted. A lieutenant had his leg broken.

The worst accident happened to one of the subalterns of the Hessians. A Bavarian dragoon, maddened by the excitement of the charge, and unable to pull up his horse, inadvertently drove his lance through the lieutenant's body.

### THE "PHANTOM YACHTSMAN."

Another criminal romance is now stirring the whole of France. Jean Gallay, a bank clerk, has absconded with a large sum from a French bank. Accompanied by a female accomplice he sailed in a steam yacht from Havre on August 1st.

Gallay was one of the correspondence clerks at the Comptoir d'Escompte, his duty being to receive and answer letters. By forging a letter from a customer he obtained payment into other banks of large sums of money, and by stealing the letter which advised the customer of the payment, he avoided discovery.

Posing as Baron de Grandval he lived in a splendidly furnished flat with Mme. Merelli, a dark, fascinating woman of under thirty. The couple gave expensive dinners there, and entered into the whirl of society.

And living in Paris were his wife and children, still believing him to be the humble bank clerk whose only income was his salary of £110 per annum.

As we go to press, there is a strong belief in Paris that Gallay and the

*Photo, Whitlock.*

"Out of Work": Mr. Chamberlain, who has left the Government in order to mature his schemes of fiscal reforms.

beautiful Mme. Merelli may escape scot free after all, and that the Brazilian authorities will conduct them to the frontier and release them.

A former Prefect of Police, M. Goron, related a case almost similar to that of Gallay. "I once arrested," he said, "an absconding bank director named Monvell, who had escaped to Turkey with £40,000, and taken up his residence at the very gates of the

*Photo, Esme Collings.*

"Out of Work": Lord Milner, who has been taking a rest since his return from South Africa, where he was High Commissioner.

French Embassy in Constantinople Monvell suddenly remembered when he was arrested that he was a Belgian, and we had to set him free, and return £4,000 of the stolen money found on him.

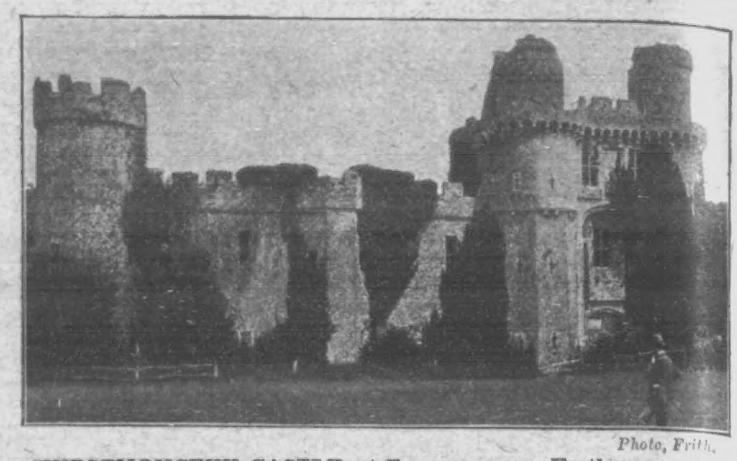
"We also had to allow him to return to Paris, and to remain there for a fortnight transacting private business. When his presence in Paris became known, sufferers by his defalcations at the bank determined to lynch him, and we were in the ignominious position of having to provide him with a police guard to save him from the fury of the crowd."

### HAUNTED HOMES OF ENGLAND.

On those miles of dreary flats that separate Eastbourne and Hastings stand a few ivy-clad ruins and swelling green mounds, all that now remains of the once famous Hurstmonceux Castle. Probably the first brick building erected in England, it has stood the storms of four and a half centuries, and now comes ingloriously under the auctioneer's hammer. Of course, Hurstmonceux has its ghost story, a story which Addison wrote a comedy upon, and produced at Drury Lane, apparently without the success that such a "thriller" deserved.

The story of the ghost of Drummer's Hall—a great apartment over the main gateway of the castle—ran that at night the neighbourhood was often startled by the deep rolling of a drum from the "Drummer's Hall"; sometimes some Sussex yokel would rush into the public-house in the adjacent village, white and trembling, and tell how he had seen a gaunt figure, nine feet high, parading the battlements, and sending the rolling notes of his drum echoing across the sea.

The ghost did not cease to alarm the neighbourhood until it was discovered that the drummer was a gardener, in league with the smugglers of Pevensey marsh, who used the drum to signal to his comrades.



*Photo, Frith.*

HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE, at Pevensey, near Eastbourne, one of Britain's most ancient palaces, which is now for sale. It has a most interesting history.

An old writer says that an army might have been quartered in the lords' and ladies' apartments, and the castle also boasted three huge galleries known as the Green, the Bird, and the Armour galleries.

What a contrast to the roofless, ruined old building that has now come into the auction mart to be, perhaps, bought by a Yankee millionaire, and "renovated" to suit his taste.

But this old castle is by no means the only instance of the ancient homes of Britain that are still in existence, and rumoured to be haunted.

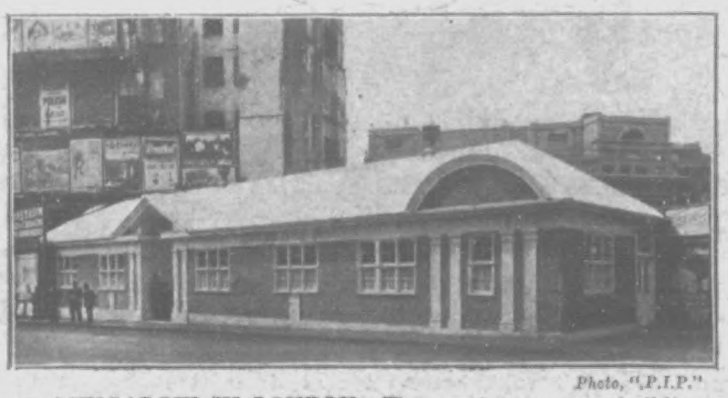
There is a weird legend attached to Glamis Castle, the home of the Earls of Strathmore. It is said that there is a secret which is known only to the head of the family, to his heir, and to one other person. This is a secret so grim and terrible that it affects the whole lives of those who learn it, and makes them moody and different from other men.

One inkling of the legend is that there is a concealed chamber in the castle which is habited by a strange, half-human creature of terrible aspect and of incredible age. This is said to be the incarnate embodiment of a curse which rests upon the family.

One day some guests made a tour of the rooms, and hung a towel or handkerchief out of every window they could discover. It was found that when they had walked around the castle there was one casement from which no signal flew. Then the most careful search was made within the rambling building, but all efforts failed to reveal the exact position of the window.

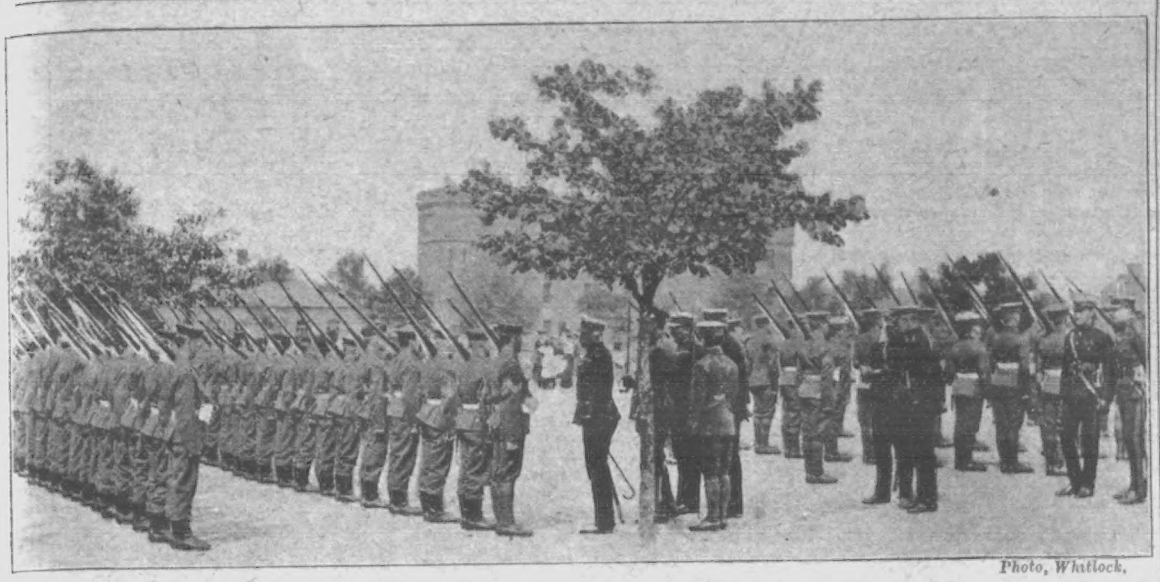
And so these old mysterious places abound all over the country, many with terrible secrets, but whose fame is little known outside the immediate area round them.

Distinguished Author's "Crime": The Governor-General of Warsaw has sentenced M. Henryk Sienkiewicz, the celebrated author of "Quo Vadis?" and Counts Zamouski, Plater, and Lyszkiewicz to detention in their houses for signing and publishing in the Russian papers a protest against the Russification of Polish Schools.



*Photo, "P.I.P."*

A BUNGALOW IN LONDON: The novel temporary building which accommodates the "Morning Post" during the rebuilding of their premises.



*Photo, Whitlock.*

**H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT** inspecting troops at Whittington Barracks, Lichfield, last week.

### Where Europe's Rulers Came From.

The curious fact is pointed out in this week's issue of *T.A.T.* that there is not a reigning sovereign in Europe whose family is of the nation over which he rules. The house of Austria is in reality the house of Lorraine, the Hapsburgs being of Swiss origin. The King of the Belgians is of Saxe-Coburg. The King of Denmark is a Holsteiner. The King of Spain is an Austro-Bourbon. The King of Italy is a Savoyard. The King of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners. The founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was a country attorney at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago. The Tsar of Russia is a Holstein-Gottorp, and the King of the Hellenes is a Holsteiner. The British Royal Family is Hanoverian. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suabians, and are, therefore, partly Bavarians and partly Swiss.

### House on His Back.

The German War Office has come to the conclusion that the knapsack at present carried by the German soldier is too heavy. The heavy calfskin knapsack, in use up to the present, is being replaced by another of light waterproof canvas, and other reductions in weight are being made. The German infantry recruit may be said to carry his house on his back. The following is a list of his baggage items:—Cooking utensils, various parts of a tent, an overcoat, thirty rounds of ammunition, a linen suit, a quantity of underwear, two pair of boots, boot-brushes and blacking, numerous metal tools, a hymn-book, a box for trifles, a variety of personal articles.

### Beauties by Birth.

Beauty seems to belong by right to certain families. There are, for instance, the Dufferins, the Moncrieffes, the Foresters, and the Grahams of Netherby. The present Marquess of Dufferin's grandmother was one of the renowned Sheridans, a sister of Mrs. Norton and of the Duchess of Somerset, who acted as "Queen of Beauty" at the Eglinton Tournament. The beauty of the Grahams of Netherby has been told in song and story. The bride of "Young Lochinvar" is said to have been one of their race, and the tradition has been continued in modern times by the Duchess of Montrose and Mrs. George Faber; and, on the maternal side, by such noted beauties as Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Cynthia Duncombe, and Lady Ulrica Baring. Then, the loveliness of the Moncrieffes was a household word in the sixties, and is still amply represented by Helen Lady Forbes and Georgina Countess of Dudley. The famous beauty of the Sheridans continues to shine through the ages. Lady Poltimore—still a very handsome woman—was a Sheridan, as were Mrs. Hall Walker and Lady Stracey, wife of Sir Edward Stracey. The Duchesses of Sutherland afford another instance of beauty. Harriet Duchess was one of the most beautiful women of the early Victorian era, her successor, Anne Duchess, had also many attractions, and the radiant loveliness of the reigning Duchess of Sutherland is an accepted fact in our social history.—*Evening Standard.*

*Photo, Langfier.*

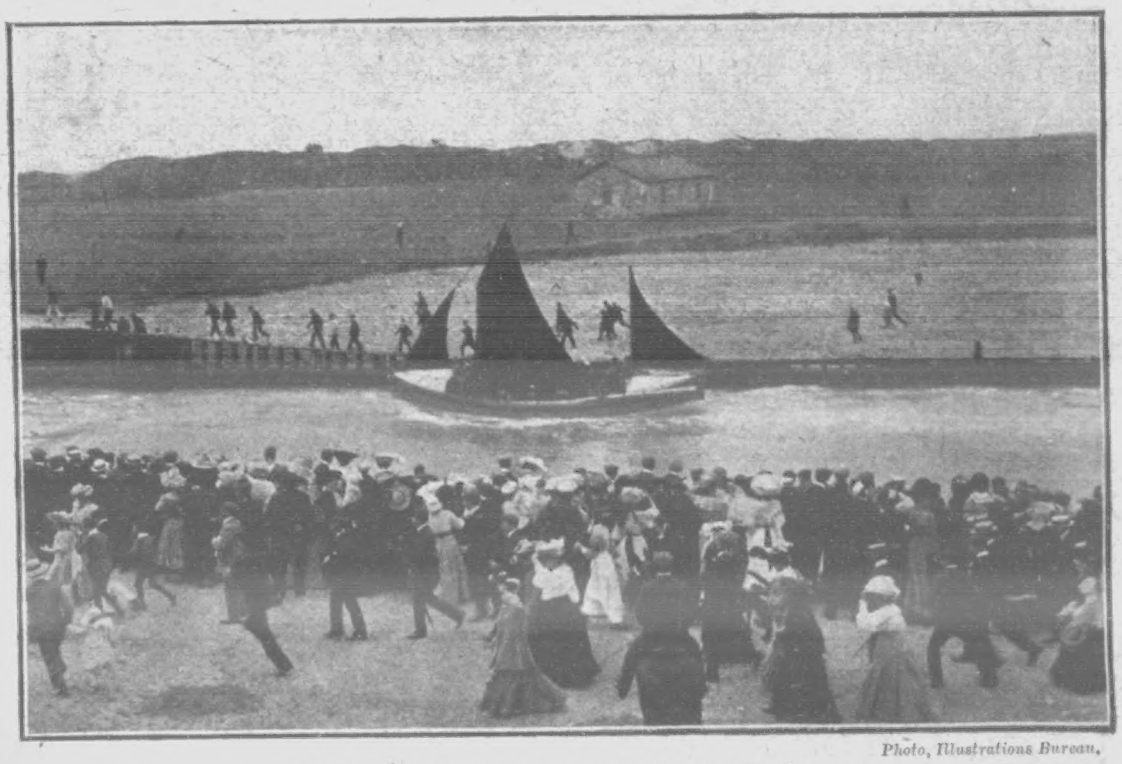
**The Countess of Minto, the wife of the new Viceroy of India.**

### "Khaki Duck" Lays 210 Eggs a Year.

The "khaki duck" is a new variety of waterfowl which has been bred by Mrs. Campbell, of Dursley. According to *Feathered Life* this bird has exceptional laying powers, for its present average is 210 eggs per year.

### Druids at Stonehenge.

In the shadow of one of the great trilithons of Stonehenge, the Ancient Order of Druids held a lodge meeting last week, encircled by thousands of visitors, who, attracted by the unusual ceremony, had journeyed to the plain by motor-car, cycle, and carriage. It was in every respect a unique occasion. Whether Stonehenge is a Druidical or Phœnician Temple may be still open to doubt, but its majesty, even as ruins, dominates the mind and compels speculation as to the nature of the religious ceremonies performed there in the olden days. What more fitting background for the mystic rights of moderns, groping their way back to the ritual of past centuries in order to cement friendship and brotherliness? Of the quarter of a million members of the ancient order, about 640 travelled to Stonehenge from the different lodges in England, and there was even a Japanese Druid to illustrate the international character of the order. Weird was the scene in the clear August sunshine, with the larks trilling their poetry in the blue sky. As the band of the 4th V.B. West Surrey Regiment (each player a Druid) struck up the March of the Druids, a long procession of grey-bearded, white-hooded, and gowned men passed solemnly from the marquee to the altar, placed near a huge monolith. Some bore long golden sickles, other's battle-axes; nearly all bore regalia of some kind. The Most Noble Grand Arch (Mr. G. A. Larnder), in flowing robes of white, was an impressive figure in his golden collar and girdle, a chaplet of typical oakleaves and acorns over his head. In his right hand he carried a battle-axe specially made for the occasion.



*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

**A SUMMER GALE:** Launching the lifeboat at Littlehampton.

### Some Scottish "Land-Ladies."

Caroline, Countess of Seafield, who is, as usual, entertaining a series of parties at Castle Grant, her seat in Inverness-shire, is one of the largest Scottish land owners, having inherited absolutely from her only son, the eighth earl, the whole of his immense estates in the North of Scotland. Cullen House, Banffshire, where she resides during the greater part of the year, is a fine house, which was greatly enlarged by her husband forty years ago, and contains a valuable collection of pictures. Lady Seafield is, it is interesting to note, only one of a considerable number of ladies who have within recent years held almost absolute sway over an immense extent of property in the Scottish Highlands, says the *Evening Standard.* One may mention, for instance, the young Countess of Cromartie, with her very large estates—the old possessions of the Mackenzies—in her little titular county, and in Ross-shire; Mrs. Ellia, the life-owner of Invergarry and Glenquoich, once part of the great domain of the Macdonells in Inverness-shire; and Lady Gordon Cathcart, whose first husband left her sole mistress of Cluny Castle and his islands in the Outer Hebrides. To these may be added the names of Lady Lovat, who during her son's minority had in her own hands the administration of his vast estates in Inverness and Ross, and of the late Lady Matheson, who reigned for many years almost as queen in the remote Isle of Lewis. Arran, too, is an integral part of the Highlands, and that, as everyone knows, belongs almost entirely to the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, who is at this moment (possibly with the exception of Mr. Carnegie's only child) the greatest heiress in the three kingdoms.

*Photo, "P.I.P."*

**Captain Burnett Phillips, M.V.O., who gallantly rescued a man from the Thames.**

### The Would-be Rescuer Rescued.

As Captain Burnett Phillips, M.V.O., was driving along the Embankment in a hansom, he was told that someone was in the water. Stopping the cab, he jumped out and ran down the steps by the Needle. Seeing a hat and jacket in the water, he threw off his coat, jumped in, and swam towards the object. It proved to be a woman, who, as the Captain reached her, was drawn under by the current. Seeing that a man named Orchard, who had also attempted to rescue the woman, was thoroughly exhausted, Captain Phillips gallantly swam to him and brought him to the steps. In returning a verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane" upon the deceased woman, Margaret Dunne, of Limehouse, the jury highly commended Captain Burnett Phillips and Mr. Orchard for their gallantry.

### Perils of the Seaside.

Referring to the warnings recently given as to the risks to health incurred by visitors to the seaside, the *British Medical Journal* says: Many people seem to regard any seaside town as a kind of hygienic Alsatia—as a place, in short, in which they can throw all the ordinary rules of a healthy life to the winds. This is by no means the case. Sea winds may be pure, but the air of an overcrowded bedroom is as impure and unhealthy by the seaside as it would be inland; wet boots and damp clothing are not less undesirable because of the admixture of a certain percentage of salt; and promiscuous meals of buns and bull's-eyes, though permissible just after a bath, are not less deleterious to delicate digestions because bought and consumed on a beach; nor, it may be added, is blueness of the skin a symptom of undesirable cold any the less because brought about by a sea bath.

*Photo, Thiele.*

**DRUIDS AT STONEHENGE:** Revival of an ancient ceremony.

*Photo, H. Clements.*

"The Phantom Yachtsman": Gallay, the bank clerk, who absconded with £73,000 from a French bank, and was arrested at Bahia.

### Superstitions of Well-known People.

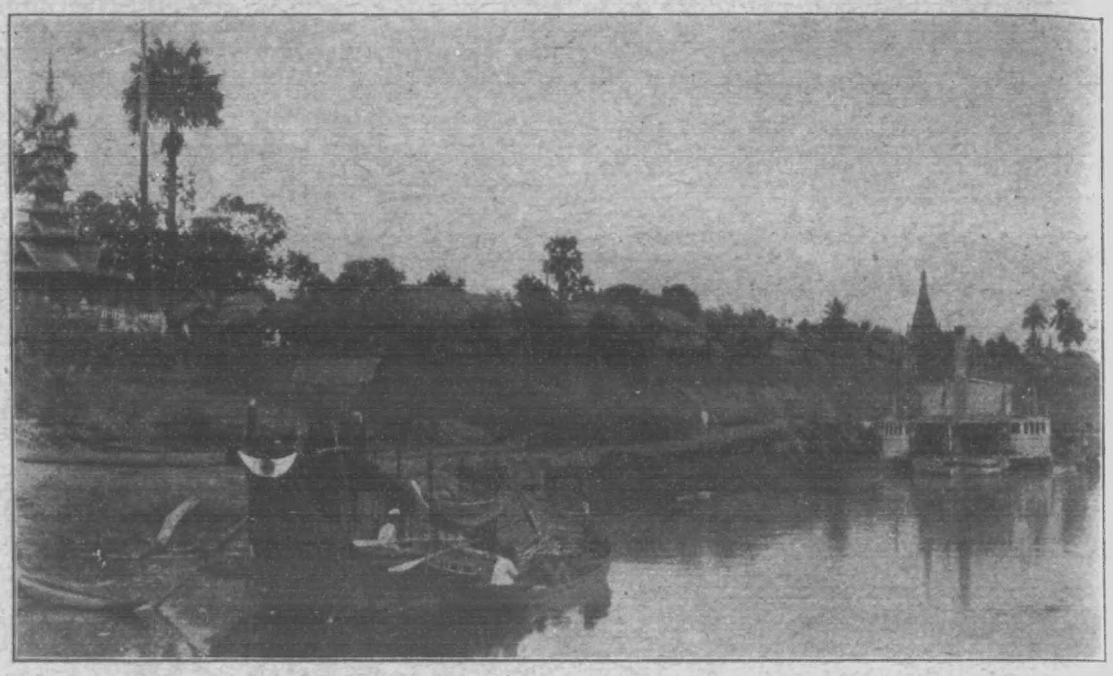
The extraordinary story of Nan Patterson and the "magic" rabbit's foot, which is supposed to have pulled her through her trial for murder, would be incredible were not the evidences of superstition still so common, says the *Evening News*. One of Bismarck's nephews wears as a charm, a bullet by which he was struck in a duel; and Bismarck himself was as superstitious as if he had been born in Devonshire. Lord Wolseley pleads guilty to superstitions, and hugs them with the warmest affection. He has worn out the rims of several hats in saluting magpies and other birds of omen; he tries to credit ghosts and amulets, and does his best to believe that he is thoroughly in love with all hoary superstitions. When the Shah of Persia fails to keep an appointment it is not that he is absent. He is there, right enough; only he is invisible. It must be so, because he wears an amulet for that special purpose. It is a circle of amber, which fell from celestial space in Mahomet's time. Whether or not it was this piece of amber in which the historic fly occurred we do not know. But it serves to render him invisible and invulnerable. His father when wearing it by the way, was assassinated. The charm possesses the power of compelling conspirators to declare their plans.

### Terrible Night at the Mercy of a Bear.

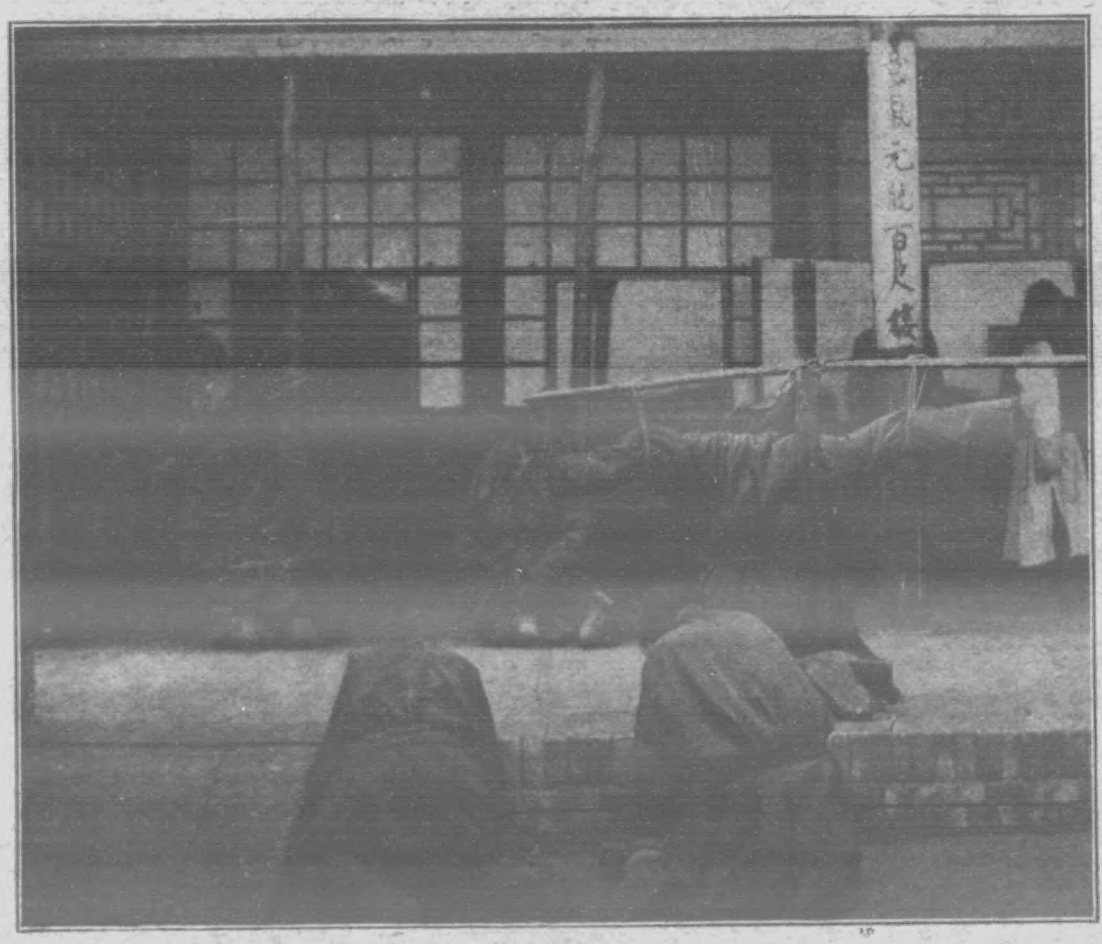
A terrible adventure with a bear has befallen two Hungarian goatherds, the brothers Paul and Martin Dosek, one of whom was killed and partly devoured by the animal. The brothers were making their way in the direction of the Belebit mountains, one of the most romantically beautiful spots in the Tyrol, wires the *Express* Budapest correspondent, when they came upon a huge she-bear in the act of devouring a goat. The bear, disturbed in her meal, sprang at the men, who ran for their lives, with the bear in pursuit. They finally succeeded in climbing a large tree, finding an uncertain refuge in a thick overhanging branch. The bear then sat down on her haunches at the foot of the tree. Shortly after daybreak, Paul, the elder of the two brothers, probably overcome with fatigue and terror, suddenly lost his hold, fell, and was instantly torn to pieces. Finally, towards noon, the animal fell asleep. Martin then silently slid down from his perch and made for Divoselo, where he was given refreshment. He began to foam at the mouth, and made a savage attack with his teeth on a peasant who was sitting at a table. Four policemen were required to master him, and he was taken to the asylum, a raving maniac.

### A Yachting Ghost Story.

Some yachtsmen just returned from the Mediterranean relate that one night in the Straits of Genoa the spectre of a clergyman, clad in white, suddenly appeared at the stern of the vessel. The figure appeared to stand about 10ft. high, and patrolled for a distance of seven or eight feet, waving its arms and moving its head like a preacher anxious to give weight to his words The apparition in a few minutes disappeared, only to return again on the following night. No sound could be heard, but there was an obvious movement of the mouth, in which could be seen teeth that glowed like electric lights. The eyes were the same. These weird happenings continued for fourteen nights.



NOMADS OF THE SEA: Off the coast of Lower Burma live the "sea gipsies." Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families and pets, they wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtle or dive for oysters; but every night they put back to the shore. If the weather is bad at sea they land with their dogs and they poach, catching porcupines, squirrels, armadillos, hog deer, and the like, of which they make stews.



A CHAMBER OF HORRORS: General view of the torture chamber of the Mukden Yamen, in Manchuria.

LYNCHING IN THE EAST: Dacoits (the local name for highway robbers) crucified by villagers near the Burmese frontier.

### Modern Highwaymen.

French gendarmes have captured near Avignon a sort of modern highway robber, named Trabuco, who has kept the police at bay and terrorised the countryside for three years. His speciality (according to the *Telegraph's* Paris correspondent) was stealing bicycles and motor-cycles, and he victimised dozens of riders and dealers at Avignon, Carpentras, Aix, Marseilles, and a number of other towns. Over and over again the police were near catching him, but each time he routed them by volleys of shots from his gun and from revolvers. About a dozen gendarmes have been more or less severely wounded by him. He was besieged for several hours in a house where a confederate had harboured him before his final capture. He tried to rush the police cordon, firing his revolver as he ran, but was himself wounded by a gendarme's pistol, and thus overpowered.

### The "Lake of Blood."

Few tourists are aware of the existence of the "Lac Sanglant"—the Lake of Blood—whose waters assume a blood-red colour in the summer-time. It is situated in the canton of Fribourg, and on its banks rises the town of Morat, where Charles the Bold of Burgundy with his army was routed with great slaughter by the Swiss troops in 1476. At sunset the little lake looks like a mass of clotted blood. This phenomenon is due to the presence in the water of an aquatic plant called oscillatoria rubescens, which has a red hue. The Swiss peasants, however, still believe in the legend that the red colour of the water is due to blood from corpses that were thrown into the lake after the battle in 1476.

### Little Terrier Rescues His Master from Lion's Jaws.

The story of how a little terrier saved its master from the clutches of an enraged lioness is told in a letter from Mr. Martin Drew, of M'Putzeni, Matabeleland, recently published in the *Bulawayo Chronicle*. A man named De Beer, of Shiloh, travelling on foot, had started from camp early, leaving his "boy" to pack up and follow him. He had not gone half a mile when he heard a growl, and, turning, found an immense lioness about fifty yards away, and rapidly approaching. As quickly as possible he raised his magazine rifle. She was within twenty paces when he fired, and the shot broke her jaw. Her fierce roar mingled with the sound of the second shot, which broke one of her forelegs; and the third shot, fired just as she sprang on De Beer, missed her altogether, and the man was borne down by the ferocious brute. He was severely mauled and bitten, his left hand being badly injured by the maddened animal. "He had," says the letter, "a little terrier dog with him, and the dog now fastened on to the beast's ear, and hung grimly on. This made the brute shift a little, and De Beer was able to get hold of his rifle again with his right hand, and shoot the lioness through the chest. She fell dead on top of him—his left hand still in her mouth." After being doctored by natives, he walked on to M'Putzeni, and was attended to by medical men there.

### Abandoned Treasure Hunt.

The search for the gold sunk 317 years ago in a Spanish frigate in Tobermory Bay has been abandoned. The diver reports that he could not locate the sunken vessel, but found seven Spanish silver coins, dated 1586, and several cannon-balls on the bank near where the frigate is supposed to lie.

*Photo, H. Clements.*

"The Phantom Yachtsman": Madame Merelly, Gallay's accomplice, who sailed with him on the yacht "Catarina," and is now under arrest at Bahia.

*Photo, Underwood & Underwood.*

**A TROTTING OSTRICH: The bird shown above is reported to be the champion of the world, having covered the mile in 2min. 52secs. at Jacksonville, Florida, when it was driven by its owner, the proprietor of a large ostrich farm in the south, who is shown in the above picture.**

## A Record Breaking Ostrich.

Everyone knows that in its native deserts the ostrich is one of the fleetest creatures that walk the earth. Few of us, however, could have believed that a creature so wild and timorous in its feral state could not only be broken to harness, but could, drawing a sulky, as shown in the illustration, trot a full mile in 2min. 52sec.—thus establishing a world's record. The feat is astonishing, in deed. Yet it is a fact which, not long since, was triumphantly established at Jacksonville, Florida, by the bird's owner, a large stock-farmer, says the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. It may be not uninteresting to compare this performance with those of trained horses. The English galloping record for a mile is 1min. 33 1-5sec., while the American trotting record for horses is 1min. 58½sec. If one bears in mind the fact that the horse is manifestly far more adapted for drawing purposes than the ostrich, and has, moreover, been domesticated by man and trained for racing for thousands of years, while the ostrich has never yet had the benefit of training and domestication, the performance recently accomplished is an amazing one. There can be little question that within the next few years, if ostriches are systematically trained, the American trotting record for horses will be much more closely approached. In its native wilderness the wild ostrich is easily able to distance a fleet horse in a tail-on-end chase. Years ago, before ostrich farming had become general, and the price of feathers brought down, one or two South African traders killed many ostriches and reaped large profits by mounting relays of light Hottentot riders on good horses and placing them skilfully in different parts of the veldt. By this means an ostrich could be run down by fresh horses, and so pushed that it eventually fell a victim. There are still plenty of wild ostriches to be found in the Kalahari, that vast, waterless tract of plain and forest lying between Bechuanaland and German South-West Africa. Here the great bird wanders as it has wandered for ages, little molested, save by an occasional bushman or native hunter.

Years ago Livingstone, that most careful and observant of all travellers, accurately estimated the pace of the ostrich in its wild state. By measurements he ascertained that the stride of a terrified ostrich, running at high speed, was usually from 11½ft. to 14ft. With a stop-watch he found that the bird took thirty strides in ten seconds. At an average of 12ft. per stride, he reckoned that the ostrich at full speed thus accomplished twenty-six miles an hour. This is certainly a moderate estimate, and the recent record at Jacksonville seems to indicate that a wild ostrich, unshackled by a trotting sulky and driver, ought to be able to accomplish at least thirty miles an hour. The ostrich is a fine stayer, and can run a good many miles at top speed.

*Photo, Park.*

**England's Oldest Policeman: Superintendent Jervis, of the Ormskirk Division of Lancashire, who last week completed his fifty-fifth year of service. He joined the Lancashire police in 1850, being then the youngest man in the force, and though now over seventy years of age he looks forward to a spell of work. He was appointed inspector for Southport section in 1857, and had charge of one sergeant and seven constables for an area which is now covered by a police force of 1,100 strong.**

*Photo, Michelson.*

**A ROYAL HUNTSMAN'S BAG: A result of one of the Crown Prince of Sweden's hunting parties.**

## Fleeting Fortune.

A young German stoker bought a lottery ticket in New York, and won the big prize of 150,000dols. He shook the coal-dust of the engine-room from his feet for ever, went to the bank, put in his precious ticket, received a draft for £30,000, and took the next steamer as a saloon passenger for Paris, where (says the *Telegraph* correspondent) he intended to spend his fortune. His savings were sufficient to defray his journey, and he arrived with the cheque uncashed. He had not been in Paris long before he met a man who asked him the way, with a pronounced German accent, and who turned out to be a fellow-countryman. They made friends, had drinks, over which the preternaturally candid young man told the whole story of his wonderful luck, and finally supper. The wine was potent, and the ex-stoker had forty winks after the liqueurs. On awakening he was told that his new friend had left hurriedly. He felt in his pockets. His case, containing the £30,000 cheque, had, of course, gone also, and he had not money enough left to pay the bill. All he could do was to go round to the police, confess his simplicity, and obtain through the German Consul a free passage to his native land, for which he has just left penniless, after having owned a fortune.

## Fierce Fight in Newspaper Office.

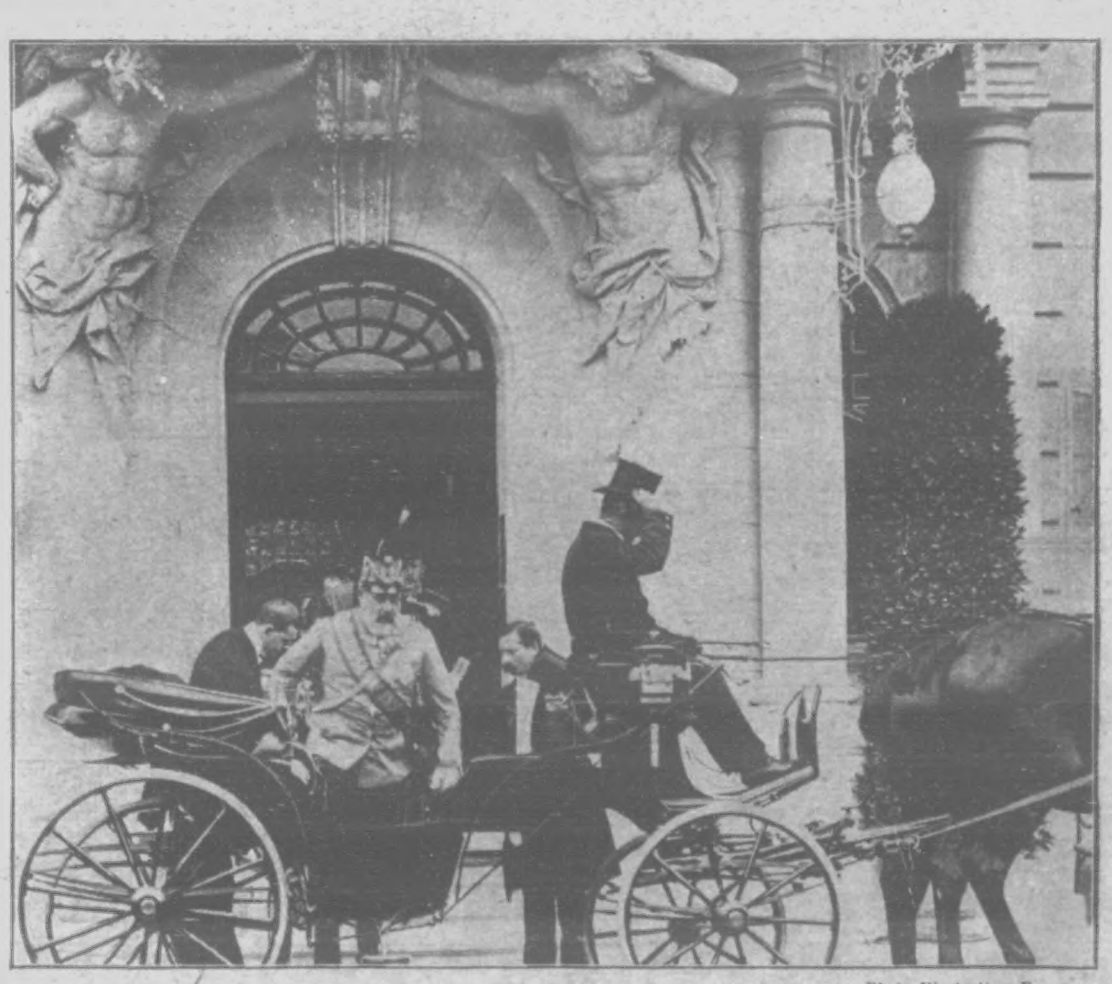
The question of the Hungarian language of command has been the cause of a furious riot at Kashau, in Hungary. In consequence of a violent article in the *Kassai Hirlap*, attacking the officers of a regiment quartered in the town for punishing a corporal who issued a command in Hungarian, two lieutenants—Szartory and Bosits—visited the office of the paper, and attacked the writer of the article, M. Seresz, with their swords. The journalist replied with a revolver shot. The compositors came to the rescue from the printing office, and a fight ensued, in which Lieutenant Bosits was injured on the head, while a compositor was mortally wounded by a thrust from the other officer's sword. A crowd collected outside the building, and when the officers drove away they were pursued by a furious mob, and bombarded with stones. Finally the crowd overturned the carriage, and were about to lynch the two lieutenants when they were rescued by mounted police.

*Photo, Park.*

**Police Constable Gaskin, of Bromley, who is an enthusiastic maker of violins. Kubelik has praised his instruments.**

## Ex-Policeman Who Makes Violins.

Edward Gaskin, a police constable, of Beckenham, who has just retired on a pension, is now devoting himself to the hobby of his lifetime, which is violin making. He is not a musician, seldom works to order or for money, but simply from love of his trade. Twenty years ago he saw a violin taken to pieces, and, being a handy man, set to work to construct one. In this he succeeded. There is nothing in the general appearance of the instruments made by him to distinguish them from those made by the most expert workmen. Not long ago, when Kubelik was at Beckenham, Gaskin was introduced to the great violinist, who congratulated him on his work. Kubelik made a trial of one of Gaskin's violins, and thought so highly of it that he signed two labels, and gave Gaskin permission to use these and the reproduction of his signature for attachment to his violins. Gaskin has won many prizes for his instruments. He is now engaged on several instruments, in which he is using wood from a beam taken from a house at Eltham, which is supposed to date from the time of King John.



*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

**THE KING AT MARIENBAD: A splendid snapshot of His Majesty leaving his hotel in the dress of an Austrian Field-Marshal.**

*Photo, Cariwright.*

Bognor Horse Show: "Admiral Togo" (owned by Mr. Owen Adams), winner of the 1st prize in the open class.

## Snarers of the Devil Wagon.

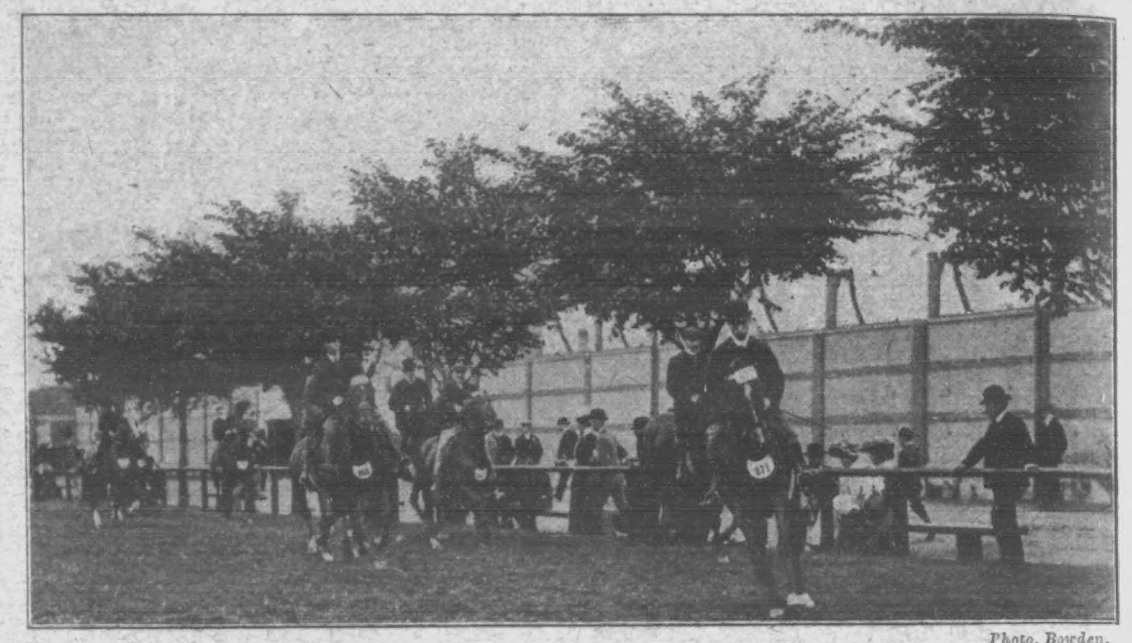
The New York *Sun* publishes the following editorial on various American plans for checking the excessive speed of motors: When anything is "doing," it is pretty sure to be "doing" in the West. For the moment we stop to admire the varied perseverance with which constables and headmen in the Illinois "north shore" villages block or pursue the far-darting automobilist. We say "far-darting," because that is a classical epithet; and we have long felt that if Hector had only had a machine of sufficient horse-power, he could have ridden down the well-greaved Achæans and all their chariots, and sent swift-footed Achilles to the hospital early in the day. As a matter of fact, it's usually the slow "bubble" that pays the fine, suffering vicariously for the record eating of the far-darters that elude the police. And now to business. In Evanston, Chicago, the police have the agreeable habit of shooting at the tyres. Only last Sunday the chief of police of that capital of intellect "issued a statement" to the effect that he "would order his men to shoot not only at tyres but at occupants of automobiles if necessary to bring them to a halt." The accurate markmanship of policemen would make the execution of such an order interesting to the vicinage. Some humane spirits in Evanston thought that women automobilists ought to be spared, and that at least preliminary blank cartridges should be fired across the bows of chug-chugs. Should these refuse to heave to or come to anchor real shots could be fired. Finally, however, public sentiment was aroused by the narrow escape of two or three professors. The Evanston chief of police has now forbidden his sharpshooter squad to practise with firearms on automobile parties. Glencoe has the "bump the bumps" treatment for visiting "autoists." In this account of the Wilmette method, perhaps some allowance should be made for the flashing poetic genius of the Occident:—"Two courses have been measured off, it is said, and two policemen are to be stationed at each end. When a scorcher exceeds the limit, one officer will signal his partner that a victim has arrived. The other will walk into the road and wave his hand as a command to stop. If the command is ignored and the chauffeur turns on more power, out from ambush will whirl the engine, and the chauffeur and the other occupants of the car will be deluged by a stream from a fire hose. This unique and pleasant method of enforcing the ordinance will, it is thought, prove most effective." Doubtless water as a remedy for scorching is unique and pleasant, but our heart goes out to Mayor Jones of Winnetka. He is still more "unique"—if the English language can stand the strain of such a phrase—and he is decidedly more pleasant, urbane, and natural. He uses moral suasion. He doesn't look upon the men, women, and children in the swift-rolling whiz carts as criminals and enemies to be received with force and arms. He argues that they have human traits, even if they ride on a monster and a devil. He stations policemen at the boundary line on the roads leading into the village. Whenever an "auto" crosses the line the policeman bows low and hands to the driver or throws into the machine a card bearing the inscription "Welcome to Winnetka!" Treat 'em well and they'll treat you well, thinks the Mayor. If they must run over somebody they'll wait till they get out of Winnetka.

## Art of Advertising.

Mr. Michael MacDonagh, in the course of an article in the *Month'y Review*, on the craft of newspaper advertising, tells of the experience of a gentleman who missed a much-prized umbrella from church. The owner had inserted the usual offer of reward, with no result, and he was in despair. A journalist friend, however, advised the adoption of a different style.— So, accordingly, the following advertisement was inserted:—"If the man who was seen to take the umbrella from the vestibule of St. Peter's Church, last Sunday, does not wish to get into trouble, and have a stain cast upon the Christian character which he values so highly, he will return it at once to No. 10, High Street. He is well known." This revised form of the advertisement duly appeared in the paper, and the following morning the man was astonished, on opening the front door of his house, to find in the porch at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes. Many of them had notes attached, saying that they had been taken by mistake and begging the man to keep the little affair quiet, as it would not occur again

## A Castle's Secret.

Durham Castle, built in the time of the Conqueror, was once a strong fortress protecting the Prince Bishop and his retinue from Scotch raiders. It is now the seat of a university. The walls of the Norman gallery having shown a tendency to bulge, workmen have been employed in bracing them together with iron girders. While so engaged they discovered a hiding-place in which were stored bullets and gunpowder, the latter being completely caked, says the *Daily Mail*. In 1640 the Scottish Covenanters, under General David Leslie, defeated the Royal forces, under Lord Conway, at Newburn, near Newcastle. The morning after the defeat Lord Conway marched to Durham, and from thence to Northallerton, leaving all the Royal stores and magazines open to the enemy. The Scots then invaded the county of Durham, and the inhabitants fled from the city. Not one shop for four days after the fight was opened; not one house in the place had either man, woman, or child in it; not one piece of bread was to be obtained, for the King's army had eaten and drank all on their march into Yorkshire. The Bishop fled to his castle, and from thence to York and London, and on August 30 the Scots entered Durham. The Earl of Strafford issued an order from Darlington causing all bread, butter, cheese, and milk to be sent to Darlington to victual his Majesty's army, and demanding the destruction of all the upper mill-stones in Durham, the removal of all goods, and the driving of all cattle before the approach of the Scots. It is believed by some that the Royalists, in their hurry to carry out as far as possible Lord Strafford's order, found it inconvenient to carry off all the munitions of war, and decided to conceal the gunpowder and bullets that could not be removed. Others hold the opinion that the bullets and gunpowder were concealed by Cromwell's prisoners after the battle of Dunbar to explode at a convenient time to throw the garrison into a panic, and thus to effect their escape.



*Photo, Bowden.*

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: Four-year-old mares and geldings galloping in the ring.

*Photo, Bowden.*

Dublin Horse Show: "Advertisement" and "Paddock Wildfire," 1st Challenge Cup in the Tandem, and 2nd in the Double Harness Class (owned by Mr. J. Kerr, M.P.).

## Promenade Concerts.

The Promenade Concert season is once more well under way, and promises to be an even greater success than its predecessors. On the opening night, when a programme so popular as to be thoroughly hackneyed was given, the hall was filled to overflowing, and multitudes had to be turned away. On each night since the auditorium has been a dense sea of faces, and promenading literally has been impossible except in the corridors.

Mr. Henry J. Wood is in great form, and the orchestra certainly shows a very marked improvement since last year. It has been a relief to have the wearisome operatic Fantasia removed from the second part of the programme; so far, it has been replaced usually by an overture or ballet music—a far more pleasing arrangement. During the past week there have already been several first performances of works hitherto unheard in England. Most prominent among these is Max Brueh's latest work, A Suite on Russian Folk Tunes, and it is much to be hoped that we shall be made more familiar with this while this season lasts; out of the four movements, two, at least, equal in beauty any of this composer's previous work. A new Symphonic Poem, by A. von Ahn-Carse, based on Browning's play "In a Balcony," scarcely rose above the level of mediocrity; it is cleverly constructed, but, on a first hearing, seemed singularly devoid of beauty. The first concert performance of the closing scene of Tschaikovski's "Eugene Oniegin" is an encouraging sign. This was played last Saturday, and was enthusiastically received. It is very beautiful and richly melodic, and one can but wish that its success in this form may lead to a more complete performance Note that this Friday holds a new Strauss Symphony in store for us.

## Monkey as Burglar.

A Paris policeman rose out of bed one night last week, when he was violently assaulted on the head, and looked for a burglar. He could find no one. He went to sleep when he had bound up his head, and was again wakened by the water-jug being thrown at his face with a well-directed aim. Then he found that a monkey, which must have entered by the open window, was grinning at him from the bed hangings.

## A Picture Postcard Competition.

With a view to stimulate an interest in the collecting of picture postcards of recognised articles and educational value, Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have organised a competition open to those who gather not less than 300 of their pictorial postcards. The prizes, the first of which is £100, aggregate £3,000, which will be divided in 500 prizes of varying value. The competition, which does not close till September 25, is open during the holiday season, thus giving those taking part a favourable time, when either at coast or country, to obtain their cards. A point which competitors should be careful of is to see that all the cards they gather are produced by Messrs. Tuck, whose trade mark, an easel and a palette, is printed on the cards. Competitors who forget this, the first rule of the competition, will find their labour in vain; but as Tuck's postcards can easily be had for the asking, there will be no excuse to venture to offer substitutes. In addition to offering valuable money prizes, Messrs. Tuck are going to make arrangements whereby a proportion of competitors' albums, subject to competitors' sanction, will be sent by them to hospitals and kindred institutions, and in return competitors will receive from them a special art prize of the value of one guinea. The conditions of the competition, which will be judged by the competitors themselves, in addition to Adolph Tuck, Esq., Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Alfred Parsons, Esq., A.R.A., are very simple and need not deter anyone from taking part. Entry forms and all particulars may be had from picture postcard sellers throughout the country, or from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons Ltd., Raphael House, Moorfields, London, E.C.

## Turnips for Market.

Those who grow this crop for market on poor land should add some superphosphate. Care must be taken in the choice of manure. If the land is at all given to finger and toe in this crop, acid-superphosphate should never be used, as an acid soil is suitable to the growth of the fungus that causes this disease. A good grade basic slag or basic superphosphate will be the best form in which to apply these manures. The lime that is contained in either of these manures is an alkali, and will be helpful in preventing disease. If the land is specially subject to finger and toe, then it will be well to sow over the land from 6cwt. to 10cwt. of newly-slaked or ground lime to the acre a day or two before drilling the seed. A good selection of Snowball or Model turnip should be chosen, not the large Green Round or Red Round that are sent into the market by farmers by scores of tons in the autumn and winter, many of them to be thrown away. There is far too much of this stuff sent into the market for human consumption; cattle varieties of vegetables should be barred by salemen. The market grower should sow only the best "garden" varieties. (Last season even the great coarse Bullock Heart variety was sent in.) About 15in. apart is a good distance to drill, and if the soil is dry enough a light roller should be run over the land after the seed is in. Thin out crops sown during May, and remember to thin well. There is an old saw that "A man cannot hoe out his own turnips." As a rule, he leaves them too thick. Remember this, and leave none closer than from 8in. to 10in. This is the time for main sowings, therefore the area should be relatively large.

## Sheep's Shopping Trip.

While some sheep were being driven through Norwich streets on Saturday one of them entered a furniture shop by the doorway and then, seeing its companions outside, jumped through a 10ft. plate glass window, landing in the street unhurt.

*Photo, Bowden.*

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: Over the stone wall.

*Photo, F. P. D'Arcy, Dublin.*

Dublin Horse Show: The Earl and Countess of Dudley in the jumping enclosure.

# THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

## CRICKET.

To those who admire only Jessopian methods of batting, the exhibition given by the Yorkshire batsmen at Leyton last Saturday was tame. Nobody, of course, could describe the play as spectacular, but everyone who loves cricket for its own sake and admires not only a plucky display but men who are so skilful as to be able to alter their style to suit the occasion, never found the play uninteresting. Personally, I should not care to have been one of the Essex bowlers to whom the prospect of a whole day's work against batsmen who had no intention to play, or object in playing, anything by the the stone-wall game was exhilarating. Rarely do we see bowlers attempt to pitch the ball full-toss from the hand on to the bails, but Reeves and C. McGahey both tried this method when Hirst and Tunnicliffe were laying the foundation of the draw which eventually resulted. Ernest Smith, whose physique is good enough for anything, was batting an hour without making a run—"a well-played not-out nought," as was once facetiously remarked at Canterbury.

This drawn game at Leyton assured Yorkshire winning the championship this year. I have all along contended, even when chatting with Lancashire players—or players for Lancashire, if you prefer it that way—that if Yorkshire did not finish at the head of the county table, the best team in England would not be champions. Dissect the "team of the Tykes" how you will, take them man for man with any county, and the balance must surely be in their favour. Congratulations to Lord Hawke and his "merry men." The latter, by the way, is no idle phrase, and it was quite refreshing to see how the professionals were encouraged by the quiet, yet smilingly confident, attitude of Lord Hawke when he mixed with them in front of their own dressing-room on Saturday afternoon. It was an object lesson in leadership.

But for a fine effort on the part of Holland and Hayes, Surrey would have stood in great danger of losing to Worcestershire at Worcester. The county of the Fosters batted very well indeed in their only innings, the total of which was 367. Curiously enough, the highest individual effort was that of a Surrey-born man, who was not deemed good enough to be retained by his native county. Pearson's fine innings of ninety-five was very well played indeed. He owed his dismissal to another Mitcham man, Strudwick, who caught him at the wicket. Others who batted well for Worcestershire were Cuffe, Bowley, and Harry Foster.

Cuffe followed his batting display by some admirable bowling, and really the success of the Australians who are taking part in county cricket is quite remarkable. Arnold and Cuffe got rid of Surrey for only 170 runs in their first innings, but the visitors' batsmen told a very different tale when Surrey followed on. Hayes played a dashing innings of 152, and he was not out at the close. His methods were, perhaps, unorthodox at times, but he lashed out with right good will to the advantage of his side, and during his stay he sent the ball to the boundary twenty times. Fred Holland also played a great game—albeit, not so aggressive as Hayes—and he had the misfortune to be run out when he had scored eighty-nine. On the whole the drawn game was fairly even.

The Canterbury Festival ended in the home county suffering a very bad beating from the Australians by an innings and 35 runs. Darling had the satisfaction of scoring a century for the side he captains, and Noble, Trumper, and McLeod also contributed materially to the Colonials' total of 403. Kent's reply merely amounted to 116, of which "Mr. Extras" tied with Huish as top scorer. The county did better at the second attempt, the total reaching 252, the ever green Alec Hearne contributing a capital fifty. Again, "Mr. Extras" played a prominent part in assisting the total, no less than forty-two being registered, Kelly giving away no less than thirty-seven byes. Cotter bowled really well, and the many critics—among whom I have to number myself—that decried him in the early part of the Australian tour, have now good reason to "climb down." Though rather freely hit in the second innings of Kent, he came out with the fine record, for the match, of twelve wickets for 182 runs.

The match between Middlesex and Lancashire had to be left unfinished. Rain fell so heavily in Manchester on Friday night that it was found impossible to make a start on Saturday, and stumps were reluctantly pulled up. Against a first innings of 159 by Middlesex, Lancashire opposed 191, and the visitors lost two wickets for 132 in their second venture. A. C. MacLaren played very well for seventy-two for Lancashire, and James Douglas was not out sixty-one when the game was abandoned.

Warwickshire easily beat Hants at Southampton, this being due to a bad collapse by the home county in their second innings, Hargreave having the batsmen almost at his mercy. Hampshire did very well at their first attempt, scoring 238, of which J. N. Bignell made fifty-three. Warwickshire responded with 284, T. S. Fishwick playing brilliant cricket for 118, and Santall supplementing the amateur's efforts by making sixty-seven. In their second innings Hampshire only made ninety-four, Hargreave taking eight wickets for twenty-two runs. The visitors were left with only forty-nine to win, and these were obtained in the short space of thirty-five minutes, without losing a wicket.

To-day (Friday) football overlaps cricket, a number of good matches being down for decision. And to-morrow, the football season will be in full swing, as far as the professional organisations are concerned. Cricket, however, will die hard, for up to the middle of this month first-class play will hold the attention of admirers of our great summer pastime.

## SWIMMING.

Last Monday, at Leeds, more laurels were added to his already big list by Bernard Bede Kieran, the famous Australian swimmer. He won the 500yds. amateur championship from D. Billington by 20yds., with H. Taylor, a further 30yds. away, third. The winner's time was 6mins. 7 1-5secs., which beats his own and the world's record of 6mins. 10 3-5secs. The previous British record was that made by Billington in 1902, when the Bacup man did the distance in 6mins. 25 2-5secs.

## ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

Saturday last was a busy day in the athletic and cycling world, and, considering the lateness of the season, there was an unusually good crop of fixtures. Road racing on wheels is a sport that has been credited with degeneration, but, whether that be so or not, the Beaumont Cycling Club are to be commended for a laudable endeavour to give it an extra fillip. Last Saturday they held a 100 miles race on the Eastern Counties roads, and it proved a big success. The winner was E. R. Ashton, of the Unity Club, who, with 18mins. start, scored a well-merited victory. The fastest time was made by W. T. Bishop, who did 5hrs. 30mins. and 19secs. for the journey.

The Society of Co-operatives had a very enjoyable meeting at the Crystal Palace. The entries were large, and sport ruled good. W. C. Whitting, of the St. Bride's Institute A.C., ran well in the open 100 yards handicap, winning, with a start of 11½ yards, in even time. R. Jones, of the Anerley B.C., won the half-mile cycle handicap, and the mile on wheels was secured by C. H. Bartlett, of the Polytechnic C.C. A. Davies, Herne Hill Harriers, passed the judges first in the 300 yards, and the half-mile flat fell to H. A. Wilson, of the St. Bride's A.C.

There was some excellent cycle races at the Birmingham Charity Sports. The mile champion, E. Payne, won the five miles cycle scratch race, and H. D. Buck, the British Empire champion, proved too good for little A. E. Wills in a dust-up at a quarter of a mile. Other cyclists who distinguished themselves on the last day of last week were R. Sims, who won the quarter of a mile centre championship at Bristol, and W. A. Edmonds, who beat Sims in the mile.

Alfred Shrubb added another to his already long list of successes by winning the three miles' scratch race at the meeting of the Eastbourne Athletic Club. He had for opponents F. H. Hulford, of the Birchfield Harriers, and the national cross-country champion, A. Aldridge, who ran in the colours of the Reigate club. Shrubb won without much difficulty, but the time was slow, 15mins. 10 3-5secs., being unworthy of either of the trio. Hulford was second, and Aldridge third.

The Reading meeting is always a popular one with athletes, and the gathering at the Berkshire town last Saturday fully maintained its hold on popular affection. The principal winners were H. N. Edwards, Merton Park, who won the half-mile open cycle handicap; T. H. Jones, Reading A.C., who secured the half-mile flat; but the principal attraction was a half-mile cycle scratch race. This went to Leon Meredith, who easily beat all who entered the lists with him. There were other interesting races at the meeting, but space prevents my dealing with them in detail.

It will interest my readers to learn that J. W. Morton is about to pay a visit to Canada. I have reason to believe that he will stay at Montreal, and that he will compete in many of the principal races in the Dominion. His visit is purely informal, and is in no way connected with any athletic organisation. Still, we on this side will watch his trip with the greatest interest, and all must hope that success will follow his footsteps.

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS TO-DAY: Queen's Park Rangers at practice.

*Photo, Bowden.*

**International Foursome: Alex. Herd, driving.**

*Photo, Bowden.*

**International Foursome: James Braid, putting.**

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

**FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS TO-DAY: Another picture of the Queen's Park Rangers at practice.**

## MASQUERADING FIREMEN.

When a fire broke out at the electric light station at Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, the firemen were taking part in a fancy dress torchlight procession, and without waiting to change their costumes rushed with the engine to the scene of the outbreak. It was somewhat grotesque to see Mephistopheles deftly handling the fire hose, while John Bull laboured hard to save some adjoining cottages. A Spanish dancing girl pulled down tottering pillars, and Britannia ran along the cliffs to call the Walton-on-Naze brigade. Captain Kettle worked with characteristic energy, and was ably seconded by Punchinello.

## AN ANTIDOTE FOR "SEASIDE BOREDOM." (See daily paper.)

Our artist says, "Amuse yourselves as we do at Pevensey Bay! Note.—Bring your oldest clothes."

**DISASTER AT MANŒUVRES. TERRIBLE CHARGE BY GERMAN DRAGOONS.**

A terrible accident occurred last week at some manœuvres in Germany, when, owing to a mistaken order, a regiment of Bavarian Dragoons charged right into a regiment of Hessian Dragoons. Every officer of the brigadier's staff was swept off his horse, and some of them were seriously injured. In the excitement many of the Hessians drew their swords to defend themselves, and some nasty wounds were inflicted. A lieutenant had his leg broken. The worst accident happened to one of the subalterns of the Hessians. A Bavarian Dragoon, maddened by the excitement of the charge, and unable to pull up his horse, inadvertently drove his lance through the lieutenant's body.

**FIGHTING ICE IN DARKNESS.**

Mr. Fiala, the leader of the Ziegler Expedition to the North Pole, who landed at Hull last week, says: "This trip will never be forgotten by any of us, particularly the latter part of the journey, where the rough channel ice had to be crossed in dense darkness. Time and time again men and dogs would fall into holes and crevices in the ice, or run up against great walls of ice, the leading men going ahead without being able to see any possible foothold."

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

**Cultivate Discretion.**

A HUSBAND expects to find his wife a safety-valve. In her ear he longs to pour the happenings and communings of the day.

Now manifestly, before he can do this, he must be sure of one thing, that his wife can hold her tongue; nay more, that she can resist the art of anyone who may attempt to cross-examine her upon the matters which have been told her in confidence.

Many wives complain that their husbands leave them to find out things of the greatest possible personal importance from strangers, or chance sources, or go in ignorance altogether.

At first sight this seems most unfair, and one is attempted to accuse the man of secretiveness or a deliberate attempt to keep his wife in the dark about matters which intimately concern her. But on looking below the surface, how invariably it happens that we discover the wife to be a woman without discretion, one of those sieve-like people who allow all they hear and know to filter through their minds, and by so doing, cause incalculable harm.

The wife who has her husband's happiness at heart will set a watch upon her tongue and think twice before she speaks.

You will find, dear reader, that many people will try to get things out of you, which it were better for everyone that you should keep to yourself. Your mother will ask you leading questions as to how your husband behaves in his new relationship, will question as to his business, his earnings, his friends, and, unkind as the advice may seem, the less you tell her the better. Your old chum will want to know all the little ins and outs of your domestic life, and, unless she is a girl in a million, it were better not to take her into your confidence. Your mother-in-law will hail the first opportunity of getting you alone, to try to find out all the details of her son's life which may have been withheld from her. And though she may be growing more exasperated every moment, and feeling how she would like to shake you, keep your own counsel, remembering always that what your husband does not choose to communicate, you have no business to speak about.

**The Popular Girl.**

SHE is not necessarily pretty; neither is she plain. But she's a picture, nevertheless—a picture of youthful freshness.

She invariably wears something white at her throat; her figure is neat and rounded.

Her taste in dress is always beyond criticism; and she is conspicuously careful in the matter of her shoes.

Sentimentalists there are who profess to find little interesting about her. They call her "ordinary," and even launch at her the indictment, "commonplace."

They forget that "commonplace" frequently spells contentment and happiness in this work-a-day world.

Where her more highly-strung sister would be the bare theory, she is the actual practice.

Any right-minded man would be proud of the "Trim and Tidy Girl" as the mistress of his fortunes.

For her trimness and tidiness of habit pervade her mind as well; and, not being notably pretty, she finds it incumbent upon her to take an intelligent interest in mere man and his poor affairs.

Brilliance in a woman is wonderfully attractive; that is granted, but brilliance is not of much use in a modest home in Suburbia.

The "Trim and Tidy Girl" has lovely eyes. In them her purity and goodness of nature shine brightly.

The unhealthy problem novel is quite a closed book to her. The ideals she has are all well defined and simple; and through their very simplicity they are easily attainable.

She starts life with no false yearning after she knows not what; but with a steady, clear mind, ready to form and cherish some pretty home. When the right man comes along—just an ordinary, hard-working man he appears—she accepts his love with a beautiful unconscious dignity.

Impulsive man, striving and struggling after strange ideals, and retiring heart-sick, discovers the "Trim and Tidy Girl" with a thankful heart. She may be plain; but she has the grace of commonsense.

She may not "elevate" a man—save in honest goodness—but she will make that man happy and contented.

And, after all, what more is required of her?

*Photo, Topical.*

SOUTHPORT CARNIVAL: A game of living chess.

**Cane-seated Chairs.**

CAN be furbished up by washing the cane with warm water on both sides, and then putting them out in the air on a sunny day to dry. This treatment not only adds to the cleanliness of the cane, but it causes it to shrink, which improves its appearance and makes it more wear-resisting.

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

SOUTHPORT CARNIVAL: The Rose Queen in her carriage.

**To Bottle Fruit.**

FIRST be sure that your fruit be absolutely fresh, perfectly dry and sound. Having picked it carefully, and rejected any that is not quite good, place it in glass bottles or jars, and when full tie over with bladders. Place the jars, with some straw or hay wrapped round each, in a copper or fish kettle rather more than half filled with cold water. Bring slowly to the boil, and directly the fruit begins to crack or burst take out the jars and fill them up with boiling water, taking care that it entirely covers the fruit. Cork and tie down again with the same bladder. Fruit preserved like this will keep any length of time, but when once opened must be used at once. The liquor should be poured off and boiled with a little sugar. If thus treated tarts made from the bottled fruit will be equal to those of fresh gathered.

**Fish Pie.**

REMOVE the skin and take the flesh from the bones of two pounds of fish, divide it into nice-sized pieces, and season with pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Skin half a pint of shrimps and pound them in a mortar with half an ounce of butter and some cayenne pepper. Boil the skin and bones slowly in water till the liquor is thick enough to form a jelly when cold. Put the pieces of fish in a pie-dish with the pounded shrimps, and cover the fish with a nice pie-crust. For gravy add a little melted butter, sauce, or cream to the fish before covering the pie.

**For Clear Soup.**

REQUIRED: Three pints of stock, one pound of raw beef, one carrot, two onions, one tablespoonful of Italian paste, pepper, and salt.

For this it is necessary to have good strong stock. Cut the vegetables up very small, and remove all fat from the stock. Put the beef, cut very small, with the vegetables and stock into a saucepan. Beat with a whisk till the soup simmers. Then let it boil up, and remove to a cooler part of the range till the crust cracks. Wring out a thick cloth in boiling water, and strain the soup through this slowly; do not squeeze the cloth at all. Boil the Italian paste till soft in salted water, drain it, and place in the tureen. Heat the soup again in a clean stew-pan, season to taste, and pour on to the Italian paste when boiling.

*Photo, Illustrations Bureau.*

A STRIKERS' CAMP IN YORKSHIRE: The camp occupied by strikers of the New Hemsworth Colliery, who have been evicted from their homes.

# WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

### Woman and Food.

In food she will always save. . . . Who, may I ask, has ever heard of one woman giving a good dinner to a poorer acquaintance? She may present her with a worn-out blouse or a hat, which she has bought and declares that she cannot wear, but food, never.—*Christian World.*

### Male Terrors.

Both motor and fishing maniacs have terrors for the averagely sane woman, but they ineffectually pale before the cricketer. More feminine yawns have been caused by cricket than by any other known form of amusement perpetrated by the incomprehensible male.—*Ladies' Field.*

### Festivity in Frocks.

Men like simplicity in women's attire and where is simplicity to be found nowadays?—it is elaboration, elaboration, and yet again elaboration. Perhaps there are few things so distasteful to the modern well-bred Briton as to appear in public with a feminine friend too festively frocked.—*The Gentlewoman.*

### Egotism of the Rest Cure.

Many a smart dame spends August at a rest cure, but the woman who would enjoy such a holiday is to be pitied, for the essential point about a rest cure is the egotism of the patient's attitude to herself and those about her. It is significant that this type of holiday is one very rarely advised in the case of a man and in the case of a real worker.—*The World and His Wife.*

### When Man Woos.

The average man woos for choice a humming-bird of the most gorgeous plumage. The man's taste is perfectly understandable. The mistake comes later. When he has secured his bird he carries it home, and expects to find in the cage a demure little canary possessed of every staid, domestic, and canary-like attribute.—*The Queen.*

### The Girl of the Moment.

It is really a good sign of the times to find a girl worrying as to how she can become a good talker, for it cannot be disguised that the day is with the women who have plenty to say for themselves. Whether for good or ill, America banished the old-fashioned to-be-seen-but-not-heard type of girl from our midst, and the athletic damsel, born in the moment of reaction, is fast disappearing. The practical chatty girl is the girl of the moment. Mothers, then, are wise to encourage the art of conversation in their daughters, for though Nature has all to do with the gift in its perfection, very much could be done by early training. Repression, hitherto, has really been the rule, and the stolid, monosyllabic English girl, whose caricatures abroad have been only too true, is doubtless the result of strict parents and martinet governesses—of, in fact, the idea prevalent in all quarters in regard to girls, that the violet hiding its head amongst sheltering leaves should be taken as girlhood's highest symbol. Can we not all recall a schoolroom *régime* when to have an opinion on any subject under the sun was to get the character of a pert minx? On the other hand, in the homes in which talk was encouraged, it was nearly always bookish—a lad of twelve would be expected to describe a rabbit hunt, or a girl a tea party, in the language of Johnson or Macaulay. And school all too often continued the tradition of home. Silence and repression make dull children stupid, reserved children awkward, and bright children self-conscious.—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

# P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

That clever Danish dancer, Mdlle. Adeline Genée, who has given distinction to so many of the famous Empire ballets, is, during the closing of the house in Leicester Square, filling up her time by dancing in "The Little Michus," at Daly's Theatre.

Mdlle. Genée made her first appearance there on the 19th of August and danced as delightfully as ever, and the applause that greeted her proved once again that the play going public is not unappreciative of real art when it is given the opportunity of seeing it.

"The Little Michus" remains a charming dainty entertainment. The cast has been changed in several particulars since the first production.

Miss Denise Orme, a particularly good-looking young actress, with a very attractive voice, now plays Marie Blanche, and plays it delightfully, Miss Adrienne Augarde remaining the pretty, demure Blanche Marie.

Mr. George Graves and Mr. James Blakeley have succeeded Mr. Willie Edouin and Mr. Huntley Wright as General des Ifs and his orderly. Mr. Graves, who reminds one of Dan Leno, is certainly irresistibly comic, though at times his asides are not quite in the picture.

Next month a novel excursion will leave Manchester, when a Midland special express will carry hundreds of Manchester playgoers to London to witness Judge Parry's new play, "What the Butler Saw," at Wyndham's Theatre.

The judge is a very popular figure in Manchester, so there have been insistent demands from the playgoers of that city that they should not have to wait to see the piece until the ordinary touring company came round.

Things are to be done on an exceptional scale. The train will be "first only." The travellers will be brought from their homes in motor cars; they will dine on board, and they will be met in London by more motor-cars and conveyed to Wyndham's.

After the theatre they will have supper at a fashionable restaurant, and return by motor-car to St. Pancras Station. The party will arrive in the early hours of the morning.

The theatre will be reserved for the Manchester patrons one evening in September. An inclusive charge for motor-cars, trains, dinner, supper, and the seats at Wyndham's will be made, so there will be no extra expense to the enterprising playgoers from the north.

It seems probable that, in the near future, the old traditions of the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, will be revived by a powerful syndicate, the leading spirit of which is Mr. Holles, of Brixton. In fact, the syndicate has completed its arrangements, and I understand that contracts for the work of reconstruction have already been signed. The architect is Mr. Wm. Hunt, of Norfolk Street, Strand, and the contractors Messrs. Kirk and Kirk, of Esher Street.

The estimated cost of reconstruction is between seven and eight thousand pounds. The building, when finished, will, of course, fulfil all the requirements of the London County Council. There will be an increased number of exits, while the seats will be much larger and more comfortable. It is anticipated that the theatre will accommodate about 1,000 people.

No date has yet been arranged for the completion of the work, but the intention is that the theatre shall be open to the public before the end of the present year.

The aim of the promoters is to revive the "legitimate business" of the stage, and to resume plays of the class with which the name of the Princess's is indelibly associated.

The office of dramatic censor has, I hear, been abolished in Paris recently.

A remarkable plea was put forward at Newcastle last week on behalf of a girl named Sarah Ann Lloyd, who was accused of housebreaking and of stealing money.

It was stated that she had committed the thefts solely in order to retain the affections of her lover, and that the stolen money was used for the purpose of taking him to theatres.

The girl was remanded.

A curious incident occurred last week at Marienbad, during the King's visit. His Majesty went to see a musical comedy at the local theatre, and the manager had just lost his best comedian, who is a reservist, and who had just been summoned for two months' training.

In his dilemma he, as a last resource, addressed the following telegram to the Austrian Emperor at Ischl:

"Corporal Olschinsky, actor, of Marienbad Theatre, has been summoned to perform two months' military service. Since those plays in which His Majesty the King of England is interested cannot be satisfactorily performed without Olschinsky, I humbly beg your Majesty to relieve him from his military duties."

The consequence was that the reservist-comedian was immediately discharged, and played his part before our King.

Melodrama continues to monopolise the suburban stages. It was presented at thirteen out of fifteen theatres last week.

The only exceptions to the rule were a screamingly funny and vivacious musical comedy at Brixton "The Girl from Japan," and "The Duchess of Dantzic" at the King's, Hammersmith.

A military tattoo scena, and an elaborate musical and pictorial version of Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," are the latest attractions at the Coliseum.

The mid-day performance at the Coliseum has been discontinued, in order to provide more time for rehearsal.

Two new-comers at the Palace Theatre are Miss Lettie Venne and Mdlle. Lucette De Verly.

A humorous aquatic spectacle called "The Flood" is to be the Hippodrome's next attraction.

An exciting word picture of a Derby victory is given by Mr. Arthur Playfair in the sporting sketch, "327 Finsbury," at the Tivoli.

The Alhambra's pretty spectacle "La Rêve," has been given an extended engagement, and it is also to be produced in Paris.

The thrilling storm scene in Mr. Tree's version of "The Tempest" at His Majesty's makes an effective "Urbanora" picture at the Alhambra.

New variety theatres are being projected for Finsbury Park, Tottenham, Kingston, Putney, Lewisham, and Tooting.

"The White Chrysanthemum" was produced for the first time at the Criterion Theatre on August 31.

On September 11 "Lucky Miss Dean" starts on its suburban tour, commencing at the Coronet Theatre.

The part of Ware, the hero, will be played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, which is a very material strengthening of the programme.

Mr C. R. Noble has just returned to London with 18,000 feet of films, after a tour through the wilds of South America in search of photographic copy for the Urbanora Bioscope Company.

In order to photograph the scenery, the enterprising photographer travelled across the Andes to Paraguay on a cow-catcher.

During this journey the train ran into a crowd of donkeys.

"No photographs were taken of this incident," Mr. Noble explains, "as I was looking for a place to dodge." In Paraguay snapshots were taken of natives firing at the clouds to bring down the rain.

"Dr. Wake's Patient," which will be produced at the Adelphi Theatre on September 5, is a domestic comedy rather than a melodrama. The following is the cast:

The Earl of St. Olbyn: Mr. Alfred Brydone.
Duff Wynterden (his nephew): Mr. W. Gayer Mackay.
Dr. Forrester Wake: Mr. C. M. Hallard.
Andrew Wake: Mr. Charles Rock.
Bishop of Selby: Mr. Adam Alexander.
Mr. Murdoch: Mr. Herbert Grimwood.
Mr. Brown: Mr. John Cabourn.
Antony (a farm hand): Mr. Gerald Jerome.
Prescott (Dr. Wake's butler): Mr. Lewis Willoughby.
A Waiter: Mr. I. Gillespie.
The Countess of St. Olbyn: Miss Hilda Thorpe.
Lady Gerania Wyn-Charteret (her daughter): Miss Lilian Braithwaite.
Harriet Bronson: Miss Edith Ostlere.
Mrs. Wake: Mrs. E. H. Brooke.
Mrs. Murdoch: Miss Elsie Chester.
Janifer (a farm servant): Miss Pamela Hope.
A Gipsy: Miss Ina Pelly.

"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW," the successful farce by Judge Parry now being performed at Wyndham's Theatre.

Herr Kubelik, the famous violinist, has played at being an engine-driver. He rode sixty miles on the footplate from Llandrindod Wells to Craven Arms, stoked, shovelled, made his face grimy, wiped it with tow, and generally acted like an old hand on the line.

Later, on hearing that he had gone out, swimming, hundreds of people congregated on the beach, and Kubelik was escorted back to his bathing-machine by a strong bodyguard of bathers.

The offer made by Mr. Barrasford to the shareholders of the Lyceum to take the theatre off their hands and run it himself has been accepted. He has now entered upon a lease, and will open early next month.

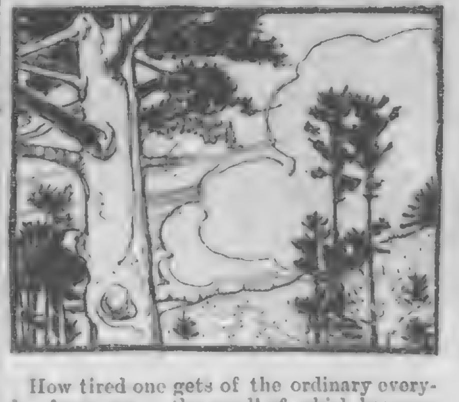
The intention at present is to give one performance a day, and of the time an hour and a half will be devoted to "Excelsior." The remainder of the night is to be a variety show.

THE PROMPTER.

Photo, Langfier.

**MISS BERYL FABER, who made a welcome re-appearance with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in "The Duffer" at the Comedy Theatre. She is the wife of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, editor of the *WORLD*.**


## A GIFT FROM THE PINES



How tired one gets of the ordinary everyday fancy soaps, the smell of which becomes so monotonous, and even nauseous, and the quality of the soap itself, too, is in many cases very indifferent. It is, perhaps, made of inferior materials. The fat it contains is not properly combined with the alkali used, and either the pores are stopped up by a greasy coating of free fat, or the texture of the skin is ruined by coarse soda. How different is "Antexema Soap." It embodies the scent, the refreshing, invigorating, health-giving virtues of the pines. It is scientifically prepared, is perfectly pure, and only needs to be tried once to recommend itself so strongly that nothing else will be used in future. By way of a slight inducement to our readers to give it a trial we offer a free gift to everyone willing to accept it. Everyone sending a sixpenny postal order for a sixpenny tablet of "Antexema Soap" will receive it enclosed in a handsome tortoiseshell box decorated with gold, which will be a great convenience when travelling, and an ornament to the dressing-room.

**HOW TO KEEP YOUR SKIN HEALTHY**

Everyone knows that the surface of the skin is covered with hundreds of thousands of pores, and these are like little doors at the end of the glands, and the dirt and dust which settles on the skin has a great tendency to mix with the perspiration and fatty secretion of the skin, and so stop them up. The pores ought to be open, so that the perspiration and natural oil of the skin may find a proper outlet, but if the passage is stopped up not only will the skin suffer, but the general health will also be injured. It is not enough to take dirt off the skin, but you also need to take the dirt out of the pores, so that they can breathe and perform their other functions thoroughly.

**INJURIOUS SOAPS**

We wish to impress on our readers the fact that many soaps are positively ruinous to the skin, which is far too delicate to be treated with disrespect. No one who values their personal appearance can afford to use bad soap. There is no economy in saving a few pence by using bad soap in the course of a year, and making yourself ugly owing to bad complexion and unhealthy skin. If your skin looks dry, harsh, cracks easily, is red, or rough, your appearance will suffer, however bountifully Nature may have endowed you, whilst other people who really are plain in feature will pass for good looking owing to the beauty of their complexion and the pleasantness of their looks. That's why you should always use "Antexema Soap"—the soap that beautifies.

**MULTIPLY YOUR PLEASURE**

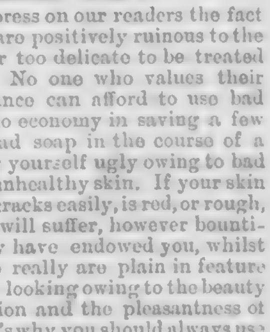
However refreshing a bath is when ordinary soap is used, its pleasure is multiplied if you use "Antexema Soap." It opens the pores of the skin, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of the perfect complexion. Purity, sweetness, refreshing and delightful cleanliness, and the glow of health are the sensations produced by the use of "Antexema Soap," which is as pure as the pines.

**ALWAYS USE "ANTEXEMA SOAP"**

It makes the skin clear, white, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough oily skin; it is the best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient and antiseptic, non-poisonous and safe. It is a wonderful soap for shampooing purposes. It cleanses the scalp, removes scurf and dandruff, promotes healthy hair growth, and thus counteracts tendency to baldness.

**OUR FREE GIFT TO ALL OUR READERS**

"Antexema Soap" is supplied by all Chemists in tablets at 6d., or three in a box for 1/6. We also offer a beautiful gift to every reader of this announcement who is willing to accept it. In return for a postal order for sixpence, we will send a sixpenny tablet of "Antexema Soap," and present you with a beautiful tortoiseshell soap-case, decorated in gold. Write at once to the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W., mentioning the *P.I.P.*



*"Please send your free gift."*

# P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

### Bargains in Horses.

Dublin Horse Show used to be an amazing place for picking up bargains in horse flesh, until English experts began to discover the merits and cheapness of Irish horses.

Three of the speediest horses on the English turf to-day, which could not be bought for £30,000, were picked up for hundreds apiece in Dublin. Delaunay, the finest sprinter of recent years, was bought by Mr. P. P. Gilpin for 55 guineas.

### For the Farmer.

It is plainly unjust to rate a farmer and a Birmingham jeweller alike on similar rentals, while the manufacturing jeweller can make his £1000 or £5000 a year, and the farmer only pays his way. Agriculture, too, finds the burden of preferential railway rates especially heavy. Do they not far outweigh in many cases, the effect of any duty which might conceivably be imposed on foreign produce?

### Afternoon Tea for Wasps.

A plague of wasps has lately visited the north of Devonshire, and has been particularly felt at Clovelly, Ilfracombe, Lynmouth, and Lynton. The favourite accompaniment to afternoon tea at these resorts is strawberry jam and Devonshire cream, and the wasps come in swarms to dispute each mouthful with the visitors. Another nuisance in the neighbourhood is the flying ant, which it is impossible to avoid, and many people have suffered severely from their bites and stings.

### What We Owe to Fox-Hunting.

Lord Minto, the new Viceroy of India, was present at the luncheon last week after the judging of the young hounds in the Duke of Buccleuch's park at St. Boswells.

Responding to the toast of his health, Lord Minto said he believed that the splendid sport of fox-hunting had done more to turn out good men for the Empire than any other sport under the sun.

A hunting country and hunting tenant farmers would continue to produce a race of men who would give backbone to that Empire of which they were all so proud.

### Bracken for Asparagus.

Earl Brownlow, speaking at Ashridge flower show, remarked that when Queen Elizabeth was living only two vegetables—cabbages and onions—appeared to have been eaten. Then potatoes were brought in, but they were small ones, all covered with eyes. A Japanese gentleman had been writing the other day that we were living amongst the very best of vegetables, and yet not using it—the bracken they saw so much of. He declared that, properly cooked, it was very much like asparagus. Lord Brownlow said he had accordingly had some well cooked and tried it, and found it very nice. But it had to be properly cooked, or it was very nasty. Nettles, too, were very good if well cooked.

### On Aylesbury Ducks.

The fact that Aylesbury ducks are excellent layers, rapid growers and fatteners, and possess all good qualities looked for in a market duck, makes them exceedingly popular. Mr. R. Meech, one of our best authorities, and a man who has made poultry farming a paying business, declares that the Aylesbury is the only breed of ducks that is really worthy of the attention of the British farmer. It is undoubtedly the ideal table variety. The true Aylesbury is perfectly white in plumage, and has a white or flesh-coloured beak. Pekins, which have orange-coloured beaks, are often palmed off on the unsuspecting purchaser for Aylesburys. The Pekin, however, is much coarser and inferior in quality, and never fetches the price in the market that the real Aylesbury does.

*Photo, Fred Spalding, Chelmsford.*

"Gimme 'osses," say I, "and hang they motor-cars."

### New Variety of Sweet Potato.

A new variety of sweet potato having great economic value has been acclimatised in the experimental gardens of Bordeaux, France. The variety is a native of Dahomey (W. Africa), and is very prolific. It is said that the leaves of the plant can be used as a substitute for spinach, and the tubers, containing a higher percentage of sugar than beets, are fine flavoured, and make good food for live stock. At present the Bordeaux authorities have only a limited quantity of tubers, and, as these are to be used wholly for reproduction, it will not be possible to obtain samples for other experimenters until next year. A few hundred sprouts have been distributed among French agriculturists. The young growths are extremely fragile, and very susceptible to changes of temperature, so that it is feared they may not survive lengthy travel.

### Fruit in America.

It is claimed (says a writer in the *Agricultural Economist*) that more fruit is consumed in New York than in any other city in the world, and probably the statement is correct. All this fruit, with the single exception of the banana, is obtained from the country itself, and in this, again, New York is unique. Delaware sends the peaches, Virginia the strawberries and other berries, Florida the oranges and melons, and New England the apples and pears, whilst grapes are the outcome of the southern States generally. The Italians have the street trade of New York in their hands. Handsomely-fitted waggons, with neatly-packed shelves, drawn by good horses, take the place of the miserable hand-truck to be seen elsewhere, and the fruit itself is not the overplus, but sound produce. Every large hotel has its fruit stall, so have many of the principal saloons. The fruit trains from the south to New York have the right of the line after the mails.

### The Shetland Pony.

Having had an inquiry from a North Yorkshire correspondent as to the chance he has of making money by breeding Shetland ponies for sale and show, I hasten to assure him that his prospect of making such a hobby remunerative is very small indeed. There is, of course, a market for Shetlands, as for other ponies, and a good many genuine dwarfs are bought every year by colliery proprietors for work in the pits. In many cases the remainder of their life is spent underground; they go blind, and are thus of no use except-ing for pit work. It cannot be said that breeding ponies for such a purpose is remunerative, and the few which I have seen included in Tattersall's sales from time to time have never reached more than from £8 to £12 apiece. Better prices are given for animals which are meant for show, and in breeding one may now and then be lucky enough to have a pony of quality. It is a lottery, however, and I cannot advise my correspondent to invest his money in it.

### Walking Ideas.

Social history is strewed with the corpses of dead amusements, and the oldest, one would have thought also the most permanent of all, is said to be dying, says the *Daily Graphic*. The walking tour is extinct, and with most people even a considerable walk to and from a centre has become a burden and a bore. The dislike of walking is not less apparent in America and in the Colonies than in England, where men are unhappy unless they are either playing something or getting over the ground at such a pace as is only possible in a motor or on a cycle. No doubt one may see at least the panorama of a country as well from a car as from anything, and topographical knowledge has increased with the popularity of the cycle. But the drawback is that the cyclist, the motorist, and the player of games is practically prevented by his amusement from thinking: and, as Hazlitt said in other words, walking is the thinker's hobby. It would be a nice question in psychological statistics how many fine thoughts and ideas are lost to the nation by the inability of its citizens to enjoy a long walk.

### Turnips (Autumn).

The present is a good time to sow large breadths of turnips for late autumn and winter bunching, says a writer in the *Market Gardener*. During the early part of the month the Model and Snowdrop class will do well, but as August runs out we have found the Greentop Stone, syn. Greentop Six Weeks, to be as good as any, as this turnip is quite hardy, and in a mild season goes on growing [illegible] early winter. Some sow these late crops broadcast, but we do not approve of this plan, as the individual plants are much more difficult to single out, and the weeds rarely get properly dealt with. Where crops of peas have been cleared, the land should receive a dressing of a good moist manure, and this should be ploughed in about 4in. only, or, perhaps a better plan, the land should either be first ploughed or dug over and the manure carted or wheeled out afterwards, spreading it evenly over the surface and stirring it into the land by a cultivator, or, in the smaller garden, by that useful implement, the Canterbury hoe, a tool not half enough used by market-growers. As the land is prepared it should be rolled down firmly, and the seed should be drilled and rolled in again at once. It is always advisable either to sow over the land a dressing of superphosphate or to drill some with the seed—that is, if the land contains lime—otherwise the basic superphosphate should be used, or a mixture of high-grade basic slag and guano. About 3cwt. per acre will be necessary if the manure is broadcasted; if it is drilled with the seed, less will suffice. The aim of the grower in drilling manure with the seed is to force the plant into the rough leaf as quickly as possible, and so away from the ravages of the fleas. A last sowing of the Green Top Six Weeks turnip may be made the first week in September. This will often produce small bunching turnips during winter and early spring, and an abundance of early turnip greens.

### The Autumn Cleaning.

Twice a year the poultry houses should be thoroughly cleaned and overhauled, once in the early spring, and again in the early autumn; once a year is not sufficient, for if done only in the early spring, the hot weather during the following summer increases the number of any vermin which may find their way into the houses, where they will stay all through the following winter till the next spring; furthermore, during the late autumn and winter the atmosphere is more saturated with moisture, and should the floor of the house become at all damp in consequence, the droppings which may become absorbed in it will at once give off foul odours and poisonous gases. If the houses are cleaned only in the autumn, any vermin which gets in during the winter following increase rapidly, and are a source of endless worry to the birds during the following summer. The first thing to do is to move everything out of the house—nest-boxes, roosts, droppings-boards, troughs, etc.—for all such in a house should be so arranged that they can be readily and quickly removed, leaving nothing but the bare plain walls. Having done this, go over the outside of the house, putting a nail here or a screw there where needed, a batten or some thick tar where the woodwork may have warped, and be sure that the whole is thoroughly water-tight and draught-proof. Next go inside and sweep down the walls and ceiling, getting rid of all cobwebs and dust, etc. Then, if the house has an earth floor, this should be removed to the depth of 4in. or 5in., for you will find that to this depth it has become impregnated with the droppings of the birds, and is apt to give off, especially if damp, those foul odours and gases which so soon lower the vitality of the birds, thus making them more susceptible to disease. If the house has a board floor, remove all the sand or earth and litter which covers it, and then give it a thorough wash with boiling water, into which some carbolic acid has been mixed. Now take a bucket of rather thin whitewash, into which some carbolic acid and paraffin has been stirred, and while it is as hot as possible thoroughly whitewash the whole of the interior.

*Photo, Fred Spalding, Chelmsford.*

THREE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

*Photo, Topical.*

GETTING IN THE HARVEST: On the turn.

### A GARDENER'S DIARY.

#### September.

Average Temperature, 57.

Begin planting bulbs.

Continue to take cuttings of bedding plants, but insert in frames now.

Leave off giving outside plants stimulants.

Sow hardy annuals to flower next spring.

Plant out rooted layers of carnations.

Thin dahlia shoots and give plenty of water.

Remove rose suckers.

Pluck apples and pears as soon as ripe and put on dry shelves to keep. The fruit should not touch.

Prepare ground for new plantations.

On hot days fruit trees can still be syringed to keep down insects.

Plant out cabbages, sprouts, etc., from the seed-bed.

Earth up celery.

Dig and store potatoes.

Towards the middle of the month remove greenhouse shading.

Thin out climbers on roof again.

Save for chrysanthemums, guano is little needed now.

Tender plants outside should be housed at the end of the month.

Pot up freesias.

Damp down less often and reduce the amount of air supplied.

Ferns which were not repotted in the spring can be done now.

**A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.**

# THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

### THE LAST STAND IN THE PARK.

The mad fight went on till evening. Then there was a break in the sound of firing. The invaders' ammunition had long since given out, and the defenders' supply was swiftly running short; but before the last cartridge had been taken from the pouches and the ammunition-waggons there was no longer any question as to the issue of the fight. The remnants of the invading army were doomed—the remnants which now included few indeed of the components of those alien regiments which had been organised so craftily and at such vast expense and trouble.

By midnight the battle was ended and watch-fires were burning in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens—watch-fires about which war-soiled officers and men were clustered, talking of the struggle, while the firelight played on the bayonets and rifles; but there was little flashing of the steel, which was redder than the flames that sought reflection in the piled arms.

And the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night were the cries and groans of wounded soldiers and the hoarse and frequent challenges of sentries.

It was close upon midnight when a muffled figure entered the Park, accompanied by a staff whose importance was evidenced by its size and the brilliance which even the darkness did not hide.

The illustrious body were directed to the spot where General Denny and his staff were standing—but not all his staff, for death had claimed more than one of its most able members.

The muffled figure advanced a little ahead of its companions, and General Denny, recognising it, stepped forth from his own place.

His first observation, made in tones of the most profound respect, was one of gentle protest.

The stranger replied in tones as low.

"Is it likely that at such a time as this I, of all men, should be absent from a field of battle which has been so desperately contested, and the issue of which has such far-reaching consequences—for I assume that this is practically the end of this heart-breaking conflict, and that all will be well?"

"All will be well, your Majesty," said General Denny in a low, firm voice.

"Ah, now," said the Sovereign, "I meant that I should go as I have come—unrecognised, and yet——"

The rest of his words were lost in a wonderful, far-reaching roar of cheers.

Like an electric flash the news that the King was actually amongst his victorious troops, that he had himself insisted upon incurring the perils, even yet grave and almost unknown, of leaving his royal palace and riding to the field of battle to see how the wounded and the survivors fared, had spread from end to end, to every part of the Park and Gardens, and was made known by a long and growing chorus.

Then the cheers of exultation died away, and the National Anthem was sung. The strains were carried far and wide across to that London which in these times never slept, and the worn watchers and hopeless mourners knew it to be a song of victory.

### NEARING THE END.

No man more clearly recognised the desperate case of the invaders than Captain Mahler, and no man more courageously and energetically sought to restore the prestige of his failing cause than he did. From the very beginning of the war he had laboured with unceasing devotion in the interests of his country, and even when he fully recognised the hopelessness and dishonour of his cause he did not check those efforts for success which he had made throughout.

Too late he recognised the hopelessness of the task upon which he had entered with such a hopeful heart. The blow had succeeded at the outset to an extent which was beyond the dreams of the most sanguine. It had been aimed at the heart, and dealt with such terrific force as to bring about a temporary paralysis of a mighty nation.

But the nation was recovering, and without exception, now that it had settled to its stupendous task of self-preservation, was striving with an unexampled determination not merely to sweep the invader from its soil but to destroy him.

That was the terrible and unexpected development of the situation in this unprecedented war—that no surrender was asked for, because no quarter was given.

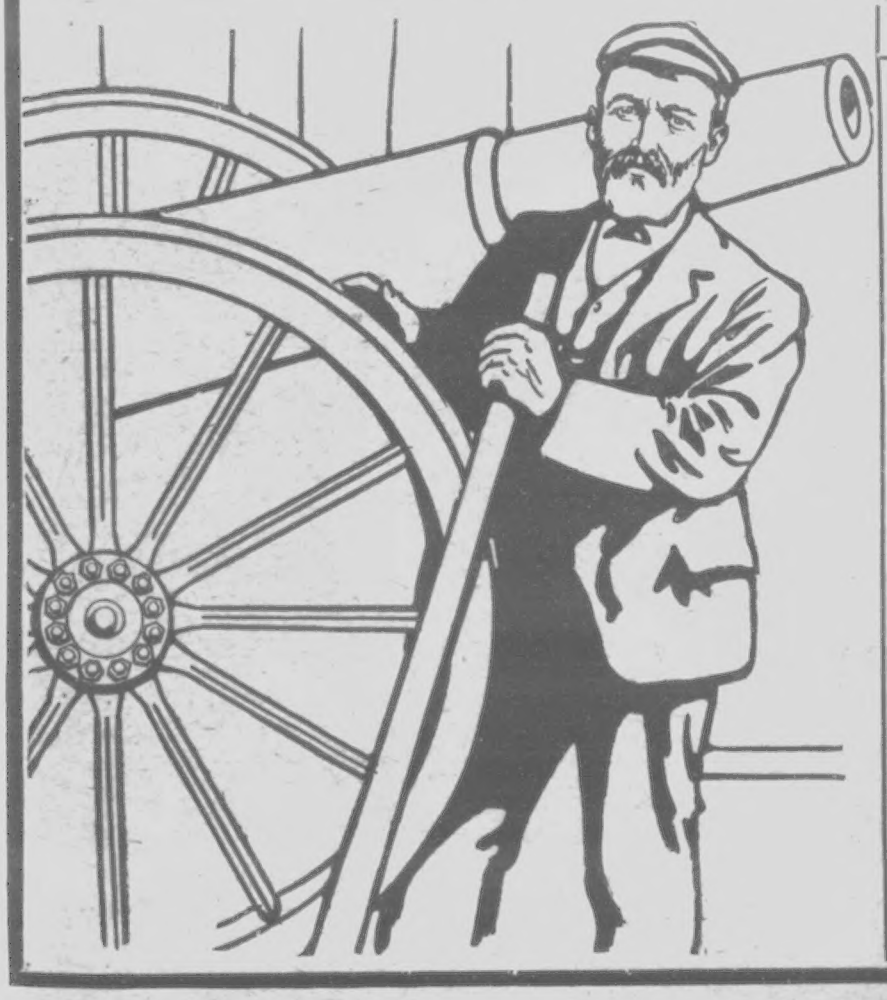
"We will discuss terms with the invader when we have destroyed him!" the British Commander-in-Chief had said sententiously, and to the end of a complete annihilation no work was spared.

*Photo P.I.P.*

IN THE NATIVE QUARTER AT SIMLA: A picturesque snapshot of a part of India's Summer Capital, where Lord and Lady Minto will shortly reign.


A Royal Arsenal Worker and

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa



"Health, Strength, and Energy since using Vi-Cocoa."

Mr. C. ADAMS, 14 Red Lion Lane, Shooter's Hill, Woolwich, writes:

"I take the liberty of forwarding you the following to make what use you like of it:

"After serving over 25 years in the Army, and now working in the Royal Arsenal, I have been using Vi-Cocoa for the last eight years, taking on an average two packets per week. Deriving so much benefit by it, I recommended it to all my fellow-workmen. I find it gives health, strength and energy. I am a total abstainer, and have to walk a great distance to and from my work, but always feel I can do so with ease by taking a cup of Vi-Cocoa before I start; in fact, since I used Vi-Cocoa I feel younger and better than ever; therefore, I can honestly recommend it to all working men."

"Undoubted Purity and Strength."—*Medical Magazine.*
"In the Front Rank of Really Valuable Foods."—*Lancet.*

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Address: Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Ltd., 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

*Photo, Park.*

**A BOY HERO: Charles Howard, the seven-year-old Limehouse boy who jumped into ten feet of water and rescued a little girl. Howard is standing on the left of the picture.**

By this time the command of the sea was vested in Great Britain. The German Navy had ceased to exist, and the German mercantile marine was swiftly following the navy. British cruisers and smaller craft in every part of the world were sweeping the enemy from the sea and sinking or capturing his ships. The great German mail-boats, running to the British Colonies, supported largely by British patronage, were the first to suffer, and there was not a British naval station into which some giant vessel was not either towed or taken under her own steam.

The most furious encounters were on the Atlantic, for despite her losses Germany had still on the Western Ocean some of her finest steamers. These, equipped as armed auxiliary cruisers, were able, because of their high speed, to elude most of the British ships of war which went in search of them, but they fell at last to a pair of sister ships which were the finest of their sort known in the history of shipping and whose existence was due to a happy combination of private enterprise and Government support.

These were the new leviathan Cunarders, the four-funneled turbine steamers which had an ocean speed of twenty-five knots, or about thirty miles an hour, a rate which needed seventy thousand horse-power for each steamer. The Cunarders were ready to take their station as passenger boats between Liverpool and New York when hostilities began; but they had escaped the general fate and were instantly taken over by the Admiralty as auxiliary cruisers. Manned by officers and men of the Royal Navy, they put to sea with express orders to prey on German Altantic commerce.

Their orders were clear and definite—to sink, burn, or otherwise destroy the enemy's merchant ships. There was to be no attempt at capture, because the prizes were not wanted for the British Navy or mercantile marine, and the gain which would have resulted from their acquisition was more than counterbalanced by the loss to the enemy. It was a drastic and almost unexampled measure, but it achieved its purpose, and was one of the most potent factors in putting the final touch to the destruction of the foe upon the waters.

These Cunarders became the terror of the Atlantic and earned for themselves the title of the Sister Scourgers. They proved invincible, but their method was not more ruthless than circumstances warranted. A ship was called upon to surrender and time was given to her to submit and transfer her people to the victors. With few exceptions they obeyed the call, since resistance was useless, and in the case of most of the exceptions the lives of the crews and passengers were saved. One or two ships were destroyed with all on board, because of the stubbornness of their commanders in refusing to yield. But that was the fortune of war.

One feature of the work of these commerce-destroyers was the augmentation of the wealth of the country, for there was much specie and bullion afloat. War risks had to be taken by the enemy, and especially was it necessary to bring money across the Atlantic for the purposes of campaigning. Before the war began great quantities of specie had been taken into Germany, but there were still at sea steamers whose value was enormously enhanced because of the treasure they were bearing Eastward. These ships were known, their exact whereabouts were located on that ocean highway where location has become a matter of science, and they were mercilessly pounced upon. Their gold and silver were removed, and in such vast quantities that from one raid alone the sister ships ran into port with actual money to the value of five million pounds sterling—a sum which, by itself, in the form of prize-money, gave a competency to most of the officers and men who formed the crews of the leviathans.

But the enemy was fated to learn the most bitter lesson of the war at home in the shape of internecine strife. The successful descent on the frontier had filled the nation with dismay, and that dismay was intensified when the opening success was swiftly followed by the recapture of the two lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The most desperate efforts of the defenders failed to dislodge the invaders, and, fortified by their opening successes, the ancient valour of the French nation was revived, a series of triumphs roused the troops to a fever heat of enthusiasm and enabled them to make the fruits of their victory certain.

With the recapture of the lost province the French remained content. No effort succeeded in dislodging them, and gradually the whole of the frontier between France and Germany was commanded and dominated by the nation which had been waiting patiently for its chance and had re-established its prestige thirty-five years after Sedan.

It was widely rumoured that the triumphant French army, now being augmented by the pick of the British troops from England, would in time advance towards Berlin, and that then would begin a series of battles the like of which had never been known, for it would not be, as it had been in England, a case of conflict between comparatively small bodies of soldiers, but long and bloody meetings between vast numbers of men persistently trained to arms, and inspired by the rancour of race hatred.

From the spreading of that report, side by side with the consistently gloomy stories of the failure of the raid on England, the prosperity and good fortune of Germany seemed to desert her. She was to prove that amongst the nations she was the biggest bubble unpricked, and that her vaunted military might was based on the insecure foundation of a people terrorised into ruthless military service.

Day by day was shown the futility of dependence on a people whose service was not either voluntary or prompted by a burning patriotism; and day by day revealed the fact that socialism was rampant in the German Army and the German nation, and had stealthily undermined all discipline and law and order. There were defections by regiments, and in some corps which had become notorious because of savage discipline the spirit of revenge prompted the most terrible outrages. As if by revelation the great mass of the people saw the wrong of the quarrel into which they had been driven, and recognised the peril that threatened them in their complete extinction as a leading nation of the world. And it was all due, they saw, to that vainglorious wish to secure by war what other nations had laboriously built up by steady and long practice of the arts of peace.

Such was the state of things when the most ominous report of all was spread—that the German coast was to be ravaged by the combined fleets of her opponents and that no halt was to be called until there was complete destruction of her ports and shipping.

That ravaging, indeed, began almost as soon as the report was spread; but only one fleet, the British, undertook the work of punishment. Unmolested, in perfect safety, the avenging squadrons, the flower of Britain's battleships, steamed majestically across the North Sea, and at their leisure, from their awful guns, at a distance from the coast which gave them immunity from damage, they bombarded and reduced the coast defences. Then the fleet rushed resistlessly on towards its crippled prey and from a host of lesser weapons crowned the work which the great ordnance had begun.

Never before had such a war been possible; never before had such a war been waged. It seemed incredible that within so short a time such vast havoc should have been inflicted.

England herself was bruised and bleeding, but had still inexhaustible vitality, while Germany was like a crippled giant, dying in the clutches of a stronger foe.

And as even a giant might recognise that he has to choose between a certain death and surrender to a mightier opponent, so the nation which had brought about this far-spread ruin had to make her choice.

And what did she choose?

What could she choose, but to come to terms with the victor?

*(To be continued.)*

## PLAGUE OF "HARVEST BUGS."

There is a veritable plague of "harvest bugs" throughout the Eastern counties. Chemists say that the demand for carbolics, ammonia, preventive soaps, and other known remedies is unprecedented, and physicians state that the worry and loss of sleep caused by the irritation created by the little insects have turned an otherwise dull season into an extremely busy one.

Nine out of ten people in the country towns and villages—particularly in Essex—are victims, and the question of remedies is the only thing one hears discussed.

In many cases the attacks of the harvest bug have been so serious that the sufferers have had to be swathed in cooling bandages and put on the sick list.

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**SEPTEMBER NOVEL MAGAZINE.**

*On sale September 1st.*

# THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

President Roosevelt is working hard. It really begins to look as if the only genuine Dove of Peace is the American Eagle!

I have been glancing through a little penny book on Esperanto, the new auxiliary language of the nations, and I find it very fascinating. The new language seems to have caught on marvellously, and, as you will have seen in the daily papers, numbers of French people are quite enthusiastic about it. Esperanto is even being taught, I believe, to the French troops in some places.

I am afraid, however, that it will never meet with the same success in Great Britain as it is likely to have on the Continent. As a nation, we are notoriously slow at languages, and, although the man who has a slight knowledge of French, German, and Latin words will pick up a smattering of the new language in a very few hours, I am afraid that the man who knows nothing else but his mother tongue will find it hard to learn.

Most of the words in the Esperanto vocabulary are almost the same as in Latin and French. "La libro estas bona" (the book is good); "Me estas amata" (I am loved). Here, again, is another sentence which almost any school-boy could translate straight off without any previous knowledge of Esperanto: "La patro estas rica, sed la patrino estas malrica." Few people will need to be told when they see this in print that it means "the father is rich, but the mother is poor," but I doubt whether many Englishmen would understand it at once if it were spoken to them by a foreigner.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

The grammar of Esperanto is simplicity itself, and there are no exceptions or idioms to perplex one. But the pronounciation is difficult at first. How, I wonder, would the average Englishman, with no knowledge of French or German, pronounce "Mi haras bonaju libroju" (I have good books), or "Vi estas la plej juna" (you are the youngest)?

This j business—the j is always pronounced like y in glory—is going to be a serious stumbling-block to most English people. But it is the only real difficulty in Esperanto.

If only sufficient English people can be induced to take it up, it ought to be a great boon to the unfortunate foreigners who have hitherto had to struggle with the appalling vagaries of our English tongue. English, to a foreigner, is quite as bad as Russian, and almost as bad as Chinese.

I find an amusing illustration of this in a recent issue of *M.A.P.*, in an anecdote concerning the Russian Admiral, Uchtomski. Both of his children have been educated in English, and speak English well. But he himself declares that it is impossible for any man to learn a language which has so many widely different versions for such a simple word as "fast." "It takes me fully ten minutes to get at anyone's meaning when he makes use of that one word," he once remarked to me. "For you talk of a fast man and a fast horse, of trying something fast and breaking a fast, so how is a poor Russian, who has a separate word for each, to define which kind of fast you mean?"

I want to draw attention to a small, but very common failing. I have a friend who begins every sentence with "O, I say." I know another man who starts with "You know," whilst a third always prefaces his advice with "I think." It is a bad habit. The man who says he thinks, too often says it before he thinks.

The more one reads about the Japanese the clearer it becomes that the great secret of their stupendous success lies chiefly in two things. They are "thorough" as they are enthusiastic.

Only yesterday I came across an instance of this in an account in an evening paper of some books which have recently been distributed amongst the school-children in Japan. Here in England we are still arguing about the decline of home life, the waning influence of the Church, or the growth of commerce over culture in school studies.

In Japan they have realised all that long ago, and have started out to find a remedy. They are distributing moral handbooks amongst the smaller children in all the schools of the country. Not wishy-washy Sunday-school fiction, but real, live talks in blunt, straightforward language, about the things a child should learn. Chivalry, sincerity, economy, politness, self-dependence, work, patience, pity for animals, master and servants, diligence in study, are amongst the subjects on which these little schoolboy sermons have been written.

Here is an extract from a description of a "good Japanese": A good Japanese develops his physical powers, stores his mind with useful knowledge; cultivates valour, endurance, self-control, moderation, modesty, and self-examination; ever bears in mind what is required of him in work, business, competition, and money-making, and how men's trust is to be won. He forms useful habits; he practises virtue; he applies his mind to the practical application of learning; he devises measures for self-development and continual progress. A good Japanese thinks highly of his country, and by the culture of a spirit of loyalty and patriotism strives to fulfil all the obligations of a good citizen. In this manner should we develop our own personality, raise families, and do all that is required of us to benefit the world and our fellow men."

In Japan they want to be a great nation, and they are going to work enthusiastically and thoroughly with that end in view. The heart of the whole nation is in the business, and the people see that what is necessary is done, even down to small things like educational primers.

*Photo, Kent and Lacey.*

**MR. LEYTON, who is now singing in the provinces, with great success, "In Nelson's Name," one of the songs in Pearson's Series of Sixpenny Music.**

In England we wake up every now and again and discover a Crying Evil. We make speeches about it, we denounce it from the pulpit, and in the House of Commons, and we write to the papers about it. Then a Royal Commission is appointed, composed of learned men, who publish, in due course, a report. They show us not only that the Crying Evil really exists, but they also give us their expert advice with regard to a remedy. After which we promptly go to sleep again and forget all about it.

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The few feeble flames of enthusiasm which still burn in the British Isles flicker round the shrine of football, cricket, and Channel swims. Nobody cares about the welfare of the nation, and very few are even enthusiastic about their own work. Jones cares much more how he stands in the local tennis tournament, which he is practising for this evening, than he does about the business which he was doing during the day.

---

We cannot all be statesmen, orators, great inventors, liberators of the people or pioneers in scientific work. But we can all be genuine enthusiasts, and use our enthusiasm in the best work at our hand. It is especially important that parents and all other men and women should encourage enthusiasm in the young. A national crime is the constant tendency to repress the enthusiasm of children. Never mind if they do exaggerate a little; never mind if they do get wildly excited about trifles. The enthusiastic, overwhelmingly rampant, planning, and excited child of to-day is the successful man of the future generation.

VALENTIA STEER.

# Replies in Brief.

J. C. (Chester).—Thanks for your offer. The scheme you suggest looks too much like a lottery, and I regret I cannot adopt it in any way.

JURYMAN.—I think the amount of fine that may be imposed on a man summoned as a juror at an inquest, and who fails to appear, is £5. He is liable to committal for contempt.

FOREIGN READER.—Executioners in this country do not receive a yearly allowance. He simply receives a fee of £10 for each execution, and if the condemned man is reprieved, the hangman receives £5.

T. C. L.—State lotteries are held in Denmark, Portugal, Prussia, and other States. In Brazil the Government does not run the lottery, but collects a tax on the receipts of private lotteries.

FATHER.—Yes, evening commercial classes are held in various parts of London and the suburbs, and they generally begin in September. Plough Road Schools, Clapham Junction, are no doubt the nearest for your son.

STATISTICS.—Apply to Messrs. Harrison and Sons, publishers of the *London Gazette*, and Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Government printers, for reports on the subjects you mention. Wyman's have just issued a report on Public Income and Expenditure.

S. W. M.—You would first have to obtain an auctioneer's licence. The qualifications for success as an auctioneer are much the same as in any other walk of life, viz., industry, intelligence, education, and a knowledge of things in general. Apply to the Secretary of the Auctioneers' Institute for further information.

L. N. W. (Crewe).—It is believed that Waterloo Station, London, will be the largest railway station in the world when the present extensions are completed. The other largest stations are as follows: Liverpool Street, London; Waverley Station, Edinburgh; Lime Street, Liverpool; New Street, Birmingham; and Victoria Street, Nottingham.

AMBITIOUS.—Mr. Andrew Carnegie was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1837, and was married in 1887. He went to Pittsburg, in America, in 1848, and was thirteen years in the employ of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company. I believe he has published several books on trade and business generally. If you want a list of them, I will get it for you.

ASTRO'.—The moon is 238,840 miles distant from the earth. The mean distance of the sun from the earth is 93,000,000 miles, and is slightly larger in summer and smaller in winter.

MECHANIC (Leeds).—It is estimated that the London and North-Western Railway Company consume nearly 4,000 tons of coal per day. Send your application to their Crewe works.

ARTIST (Brixton).—The Liverpool Art Gallery is situated in William Brown Street, and the Engineering and University Laboratories are in Pembroke Place, and they were presented to the city by the late Sir A. B. Walker, Bart., and not by public subscription. The amount of his will was sworn at £2,876,781.

FAIRFLAX.—Artificial teeth are not made of bone. They are sometimes made of ivory, but as this discolours readily, the material is not in favour. It would be incorrect to apply the term porcelain to the "composition" of which artificial teeth are commonly made. There are many qualities of this.

A. R.—There are several books on the "Jiu-jitsu" or Japanese system of wrestling. Any bookseller could get you a recently-published one. I think Putnams have published a book on this subject, entitled "The Complete Kano Jiu-Jitsu," expounding Professor Kano's system, which is adopted by the Japanese Government.

T. V. R. (Glasgow).—In France, where the railways are subsidised by the Government, workmen's fares are much the same as in London. In Belgium, although the railways are under Government management and ownership, and the wages are lower than here, the cost of workmen's tickets are substantially the same. If you want a list of fares and other details for comparison I can send them by post to you.

FULL MOON.—There are statistics which go to prove that teetotalers live longer than non-abstainers, but there are also figures obtained by striking an average which tend to show that there is no difference between the extent of the longevity of the two classes. Apparently climate has a good deal to do with this question. From an insurance point of view, in this country the lives of abstainers are regarded as better than those of individuals who are accustomed to take stimulants, even in moderation; but in Canada alcohol, provided it is not consumed to excess, seems to have no injurious effect on the constitution.

# Great Finger-Print Competition.

## First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

Below you will find the eleventh set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.

61. 62.

65. 66.

63. 64.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

.....

"P.I.P." September 2, 1905.


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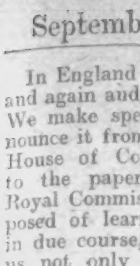

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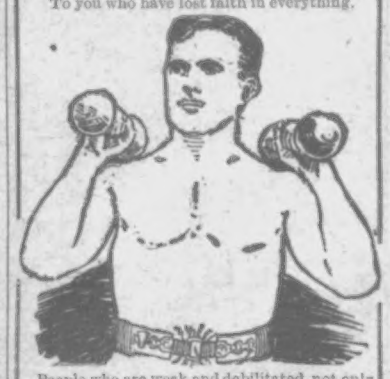

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